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Abraham Lincoln and Music

Miscellaneous

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources

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ɔWER IN THEIR SONG

Hutchinson Family Helped Break the Chains of Slavery.

JOHN IS STILL LIVING

Leader of Famous Quartet Wins in Fight for Liberty.

At 80 Years of Age He Retains His Melodious Voice—His Success in 11,000 Concerts.

When a white-haired, dignified old man stood before a Boston judge the other day to show why he did not need a guardian, the loungers in the courtroom became suddenly aware that a case of unusual interest had been called. John W. Hutchinson, aged 80, won his liberty and then it became known that he was one of the famous Hutchinson family that more than a generation ago sang itself into national fame and helped to turn public opinion against slavery. The belles of forty and fifty years ago sang the ballads of the New England quartet, and the singing schools chanted the poems of Whittier and Longfellow that had been set to music by the three brothers and the sister, who held a more honored place in musical circles than has been gained by any high-priced chorus of a later day. There are many persons now living who have heard the original quartet. Hundreds of the Grand Army of the Republic veterans remember how they were thrilled in wartime by the melodious voices of the singers, who breathed an earnest purpose in their simple music. The ballads of the Hutchinson family caught the ear for tunes that could be remembered and whistled were popular in the '60s.

All the members of the Hutchinson family were musical, but it remained for the three brothers, John, Judson, and Asa, with their sister, Abby, to so blend their voices in perfect harmony. They left their home in New Hampshire and began concert work in a very small way, but it was not long before they attracted attention by their wonderful singing, and the fact that there was a purpose in it, a purpose adhered to through the fires of criticism and abuse, and in which they never faltered. The emancipation of the slave and the prohibition of the liquor traffic became their watchwords.

There were sixteen brothers and sisters, all gifted far above the average. Their parents were sturdy New England farming people, who brought their children up in the most conscientious manner, believing that a child trained in the way he should go would not depart from it in later years, and they were not disappointed. The brothers held very progressive ideas, and did not hesitate to give them voice. They had the courage of their convictions, and never hesitated to sacrifice personal comfort where a principle was involved. It has been said of John that he would eat off a tin plate and give a hundred dollars to help a runaway slave, and forget both incidents immediately.

Fought Slavery with Song.

When it meant social ostracism to espouse the cause of the black man the Hutchinsons never faltered, even in the face of personal danger. Where the voices of such men as Garrison, Phillips, and Beecher were drowned by a clamor significant of the unpopularity of their expressed sentiments, the Hutchinsons sang right along, the sweet strains of their blended voices subduing many a riotous assembly. Strange as it may seem, the same words which would incite a riot when spoken by the most magnetic and eloquent of tongues were received with applause when clothed in the garments of melody, and sometimes they were given the tribute of tears from eyes all unused to such demonstration.

Those were times pregnant with great events, when the Hutchinsons began their life work, and nobly and fearlessly did they do their part for the nation's purification.

In a paper published in 1843 is found this description of the effect of their singing. It was on an occasion of a gathering of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery society in Faneuil hall. Garrison, Phillips, Douglass, Parker Pillsbury, Theodore Parker, and others of this band of earnest workers were there. The Hutchinsons sang. The writer says: "I never saw such an effect on human assemblies as there appeals produced. They made the vast multitudes toss and heave and clamor like the roaring ocean."

One of the pleasantest of talkers is John, and he tells many interesting things of his remarkable career. The largest audience that he ever sung before was in Union square, New York, during the civil war, when it was found necessary to raise more troops. There were 150,000 people packed in the square and vicinity, and they listened as



FAMOUS HUTCHINSON BROTHERS AS THEY APPEARED IN 1861.

1901

through spellbound to John singing patriotic songs, the choruses being taken up by the Handel and Haydn society.

During the war John and his family obtained from the secretary of war the privilege of singing to the soldiers encamped on the Potomac. Their singing of Whittier's "Furnace Blast" raised a storm of opposition, and rebuke from some of the commanding generals, one of whom said when he read the poem: "I pronounce that incendiary, and if these people are allowed to go on they will demoralize the army." Their permit to sing was revoked by General McClellan.

John returned to Washington and laid the case before Secretary Chase, who said if John would write out the song he would submit it to the cabinet. This was done, and all the cabinet was in favor of the Hutchinsons, Mr. Lincoln remarking that it was just the kind of songs he wished the soldiers to hear. He also said that the Hutchinsons should have the right to go among the soldiers and sing.

Praise from Whittier.

In a letter which Mr. Whittier wrote to John regarding this incident, he said:

"Whatever General McClellan may do with my rhymes, I am thankful that Congress is putting it out of his power to 'send back' fugitive slaves as well as singers. After all, I do not think it strange that a Quaker's song should be thought out of place in the army. Wishing thee and thine health and happiness, and hoping that you may live to sing of the deliverance of our land from slavery and war, I am very truly thy friend."

The last time that Sister Abby sang in public was at Whittier's funeral, many years after this episode, when she and her white-haired brother, John, united their voices in "Lay Him Low" as he was tenderly lowered into his rose and fern lined bed.

There is a very interesting story connected with the singing of Longfellow's "Old Clock on the Stairs." The poet was at one of the Hutchinson family's concerts when "Excelsior" was sung with such effect that he went to the singers in their ante-room after the concert and told them he had another poem unpublished which he would give them if they would like it. This was "The Old Clock on the Stairs," and they sang it first from the author's manuscript.

When the family of brothers wished to put an original melody to a song (the words having been in many cases also original) they would pin the words up on a level with their eyes, and sing "at a mark," as it were, each carrying his own part, repeating and altering until it was satisfactory, when the notes were committed to paper. Many of their most popular selections were composed in this way.

The Hutchinsons counted among their friends the great men and women of the day, both at home and abroad. Whittier, Longfellow, Morris and other celebrated poets wrote songs for them to sing. Their friendships always proved lasting.

When the quartet, John, Judson, Asa and Abby, were abroad they gave a concert on the lawn at Harriet Martineau's country home in Scotland. She thus described their singing:

"How is it possible to give an idea of the soul-thrilling music of the Hutchinsons to those men who have not heard it. One might as well attempt to convey in words the colors of the sky or the strain of the nightingale, as such utterances of the heart as theirs."

During this visit to Europe the Hutchinsons made the acquaintance and gained the friendship of such people as Charles Dickens, Macready, Douglas Jerrold, the Hon. Mr. Norton, Eliza Cook, William and Mary Howitt and hosts of other leading spirits of the times, who loved and admired the singers for their individuality and fearless independence.

They were the guests of John Bright, and sang "The Bridge of Sighs" to its author's widow, Mrs. Thomas Hood.

They were the recipients of many social attentions from the nobility.

Popular in Great Britain.

Their concerts in all the large cities of the United Kingdom were very successful, but they finally returned to their native land as unaffected and simple in manners as when they went away, and even more fully imbued with the spirit of reform and enthusiastic determination to work for the uplifting of humanity.

Their sister Abby, one of the loveliest of women, of whom John's wife once said: "She is nearer an angel than any human being I ever saw," retired to domestic life after marriage, and the quartet lost one of its most soul inspiring elements. The brothers married also, John's and Asa's wives both possessing beautiful voices, which aided much in their subsequent success.

In the old days, when the brothers first started on their campaigns of song, they entered into a compact to abstain from the use of tobacco and alcohol and demoralizing associations. The compact was never broken.

The town of Hutchinson, Minn., founded by the brothers early in the '50's, is a flourishing community, and is steadily growing. It was here that the family of Asa settled, and when he died, a few years ago, he was mourned by every resident. John Hutchinson still has real estate interests there, and thinks no more of a run over to Minnesota or to any other distant point than an ordinary man of his age would of a trip from Lynn to Boston. There is scarcely a town of any size in the country in which he has not sung, and in many of them more than once, and he is now contemplating another trip to Europe.

Mr. Hutchinson's voice is still sweet and tuneful, and when warmed to his subject it rings out with wonderful power. He has given in his long musical career more than 11,000 concerts, and though 80 years of age on his next birthday, he is still hopeful of doing more public work. He is a very forcible speaker, with an irresistible fund of humor, and his powers of mimicry have assisted greatly in pleasing and impressing an audience.

In 1896 Mr. Hutchinson published "The Story of the Hutchinsons," an interesting narrative full of personal experiences and stories about the celebrated people with whom he came into pleasant and intimate relations during his travels.

He tells the story of the birth of the words and music of the "Sweet By and By." The words were written by Dr. Bennet of Elkhurst, Wis. This gentleman kept a drug store, and associated with him was J. P. Webster, a music teacher, who was a sensitive and melancholy man. One day he entered the store looking uncommonly downhearted. Mr. Bennet asked what was the matter.

"Oh, nothing much; it will be all right by and by."

This reply struck Mr. Bennet very forcibly, and in fifteen minutes he had written the words of the song and handed them to Webster, asking him to write a tune for it. Mr. Webster took his violin and in scarcely thirty minutes from the time he entered the store the two friends were singing the song afterward made so popular by the Hutchinsons.

"Tenting Tonight" Sung.

"Tenting Tonight on the Old Campground" was first sung on old High Rock by the Hutchinsons. Its author, Walter Kittredge, a young man, was drafted into the army in 1863. The night following this he went to bed full of conflicting emotions. Patriotism, grief at leaving the loved ones at home, and dread of war struggled for the mastery. Lying awake in the long, still hours, his thoughts took form, and, rising from his bed, he wrote "Tenting Tonight." He composed both words and air, copying them both, and sending them to Asa Hutchinson, who called upon John to sing the solo. Asa sang the bass, and the Hutchinson children joined in the chorus. Thus was this touching song first given life.

DID YOU FIND IT? *FIND WHAT? Look on Page 15 and find out.*

THEN YOU CAN READ ALL ABOUT THE INAUGURATION of a PRESIDENT in MARCH COMFORT. This MOST IMPOSING CEREMONY and many other interesting subjects will be described. See Prize Offer on Page 30.

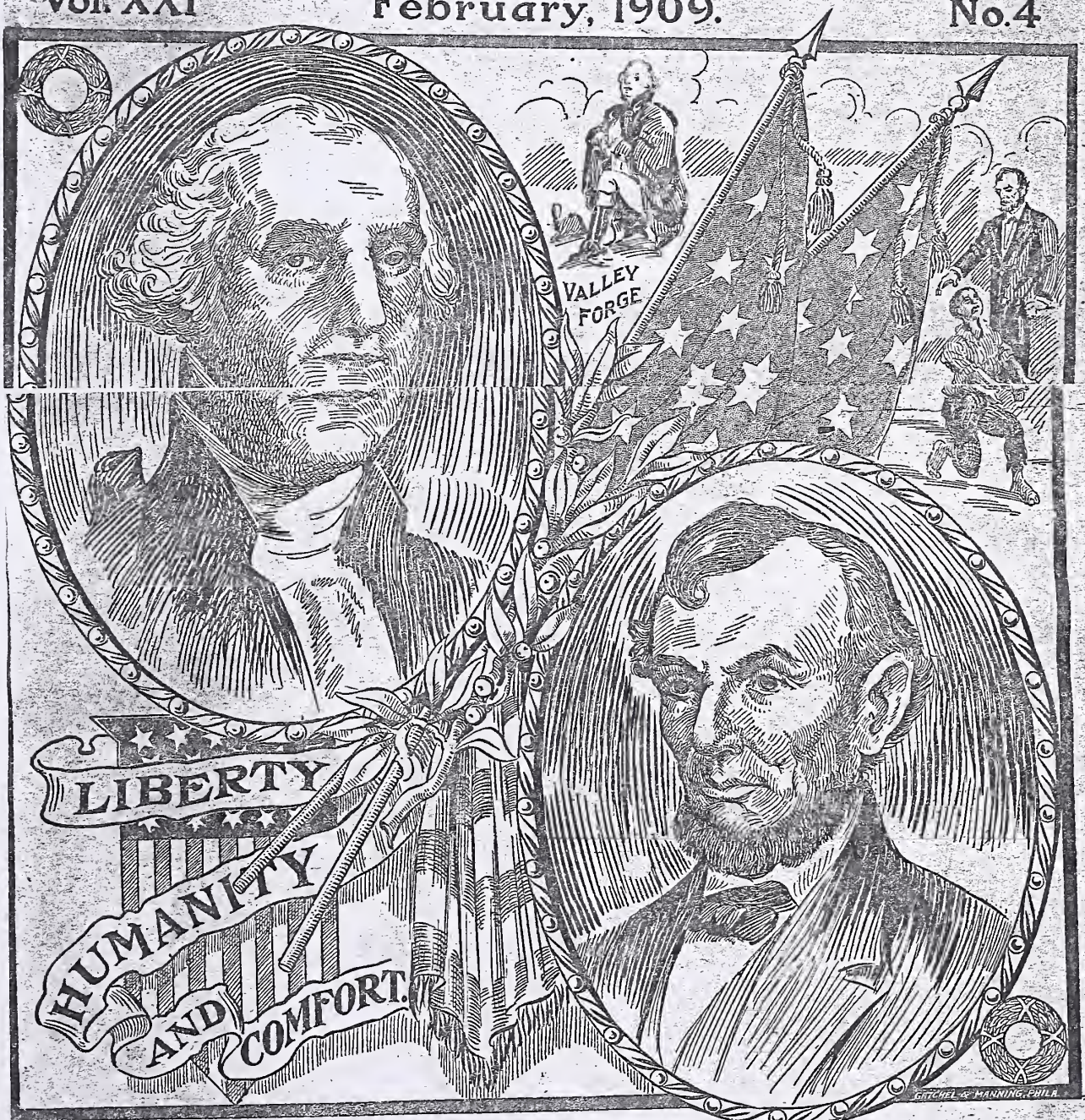
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Vol. XXI February, 1909. No.4



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Washington and Lincoln.

HENRY C. WORK.
EDITED BY N. CLIFFORD PAGE.



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America

(My Country, 'Tis of Thee)

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Just Before the Battle, Mother

Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the field we're watching,
With the enemy in view—
Comrades brave are round me lying,
Fill'd with thot's of home and God;
For well they know that on the morrow,
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

CHORUS.

Farewell, mother, you may never, you may never, mother,
Press me to your breast again;
But O, you'll not forget me,
Mother, you will not forget me
If I'm number'd with the slain.

Oh, I long to see you, mother,
And the loving ones at home,
But I'll never leave our banner,
Till in honor I can come.
Tell the traitors, all around you,
That their cruel words we know,
In ev'ry battle kill our soldiers,
By the help they give the foe.

CHORUS.

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,
'Tis the signal for the fight,
Now, may God protect us, mother,
As He ever does the right.
Hear, the "Battle cry of Freedom,"
How it swells upon the air.
Oh, yes, we'll rally round the standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there.

CHORUS.

The Star Spangled Banner

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner: Oh long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and wild war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto,—"In God is our trust:"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy,
Hurrah, hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The village lads and lassies say,
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurroh, hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow,
And we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day,
Hurrah, hurrah!
Their choicest treasures then display,
Hurroh, hurrah!
And let each one perform some part,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart,
And we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marching home.

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Landry, Isabelle

music

Aurora, Ill. - sang for L.

D.

SHE SANG FOR LINCOLN; DIES IN AURORA; AGE 86

Miss Isabelle Landry, 86 years old, who as a girl of ten sang a French song for Abraham Lincoln, died yesterday in her home at Aurora, Ill. She had lived there for more than 80 years. Last April Aurora citizens gave her a testimonial of the song consisting of her own picture as a girl, her picture on her 86th birthday, and one of the Great Emancipator, all framed together with a copy of the song.

Miss Landry had often told how she came to sing "The Little Flower in the Wood" in French for Lincoln. She said she had walked into the general store of Charles Hoyt. The tall stranger with Judge Pinney of Aurora followed her in. Judge Pinney told Lincoln she could sing—especially in French. The tall man lifted her on the counter and after she had sung for him bought her a bag of candy.

1928

57. **LINCOLN, JAIRUS.** Anti-Slavery Melodies: for the Friends of Freedom. Prepared for the Hingham Anti-Slavery Society. Hingham. Elijah B. Gill. 12mo. (1843). Wrappers. $5.00

* Contributions by J. G. Whittier, Longfellow, Mrs. Sigourney, W. L. Garrison, etc.

"Mister Lincoln's Choir Experience"

By KAY MANNERS

NATIVES OF ILLINOIS are proud to recount the experiences of Abraham Lincoln as he was visiting their settlements as a circuit-riding lawyer through the virgin country, long before he became president. It was during this period of his life that he experienced one of the many humorous incidents about which he never ceased to talk and joke. He thought it such a huge joke that he told and retold it.

Lawyer Lincoln attended Sunday meeting wherever he chanced to be, but it was at one especial county seat meeting house that he was most frequently seen. His schedule of itinerant appearances in the county seat settlements was the reason for that. Though nothing of a vocalist himself, he usually sang along with the others in meeting, although he preferred to listen to one particular group of girls in the singing of hymns. They sat in the first section of benches on the women's side of the meeting house—what we now know as a choir section.

One day he remarked that those young girlish voices reminded him of what he had often read of the angel host or choir; so, thinking that was a direct hint, the kindly parson asked these young women to tarry after meeting. At his request, Mr. Lincoln endeavored to train them to sing some of the older hymns, after the fashion of what is now known as anthems. But, quickly sensing he was a failure at the task, he promptly turned the job over to one of the women of the congregation—a mother who sang much in her own home and who had learned her job by singing a dozen of her own babies to sleep.

The next time he visited the settlement and remained over for the Sunday meeting, he was again called upon to officiate as a sort of guest-conductor of that "angel host."

Again he was the pained listener. The result of his untutored training was terrible, even to his musically untrained ears. He had one stormy session with the parson and the choir's leader after that meeting, making them finally understand that no angel band could ever sound that bad. From that day on he altered his law itinerary so he found himself in another settlement on Sunday and that one particular choir returned to the old fashioned method of lining out the hymns.

FEBRUARY, 1938, The Etude

Chenery, William

WILLIAM CHENERY DIES; EXPERT ON LINCOLN, MUSIC

1942

Springfield, Ill., Nov. 19.—(UP)—Music lovers throughout the nation as well as students of Lincoln lore, today mourned the death here last night of William Dodd Chenery, 80, known as a "storehouse" for data on Abraham Lincoln and as a composer of pageant and Biblical drama.

Chenery was found dead by a newspaper reporter who had dropped in to discuss research work in which both were interested. Although he never knew Lincoln, Chenery grew up in a family and among people who knew the Civil War president well.

From them he gathered a rich store of first-hand information about Lincoln and was considered one of the country's most authentic authorities on the Emancipator's life. He was said to have been unlike most Lincoln collectors in that he shared with all who were interested.

Chenery's association with sacred music won him the sobriquet of "The Musical Missionary." He was a close friend of the late Vachel Lindsay, the poet. He is survived by one brother, John L. Chenery, of California. A cousin, William L. Chenery, is editor of Collier's Weekly.

LIFE IN LETTERS

AMERICAN AUTOGRAPH JOURNAL

DECEMBER
1942



OUR AIM: To preserve in these pages interesting letters of historical or literary importance, written by great Americans, reflecting their own times; letters and manuscripts of persons unknown to fame and posterity with unusual contents. We gather material from all parts of the world and we scatter it again to all parts of the world. And here shall be a modest record of some of the material that passed through our hands.

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DR. J. F. ROSE: THE SONGS OF THE CIVIL WAR

Many years ago we purchased the collections of broadsides, pamphlets and papers of the late Dr. J. F. Rose of Oxford, Pa. Among the papers were diaries and manuscripts relating to the Civil War, mostly personal experiences jotted down, while serving as surgeon in the Union Army.

Here we discovered a manuscript dealing with the songs of the Civil War. His observations seem of interest in these our own days and we print it here, exactly as written by him about 1890: His own diaries were the sources he used in these pages.

In the evening, after the Bloody Battle of Antietam while the Union Army and the Rebel Army were resting on their Arms, with the Antietam Creek separating them, the Regimental Bands of the two Armies were rivelling each other in the playing of familiar Airs, while Dixie was given amid Rebel yells and the Star Spangled Banner with loud cheers on the Union side, one of our bands struck up "Home Sweet Home," soon all our bands followed the lead, the resistless melody crossed the dead line between the two Armies obliterating all the angry passions of the day and set every band in the Rebel Army also playing "Home Sweet Home." The Blue and the Gray for a brief moment were brothers again, joined by the golden chord of a song. Whatever we may call that mysterious power which music exerts upon the mind it is nevertheless a fact we all feel its influence.

The startling news was flashed through out the world 20 years ago, telling of a tidal wave in the South Pacific near Somvan Islands where two of our Naval Vessels lay, the Adams and Trenton were wrecked and went to the bottom of the Ocean. A few lines in the newspaper told how the Band Master of the Trenton, stood beating time, and musicians at their stations played the "Star Spangled Banner" without a tremor while the ship went down, down beneath the waves, carrying with her all on board, while the flag still floated from the

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Mr. Gerry desires that his fences should be white washed, his barns & other outhouses yellow washed, & their doors painted, request Mr. Jenks to superintend this business; having always found that meer direction, without inspection, are insuffering.

1st. To whitewash the limb must be slacked with boiling hot water and mixed with salt water. This must be filled at high tide, & brot in barells. Sand must be mixed with the white wash to make it stick, & maybe obtained by leave of Mr. Bird or Mr. Tayerweather. When mixed in this manner it must be frequently stirred.

2dly to yellow wash, a white wash must be made as before described & a large tub, full sufficiently to wash the houses must be mixed at one time, & colored with spruce yellow, to be purchased of Mr. Osborn. It will look, darker when first washed, than when dried; & to obtain the proper color the trial must be made, & ye yellow increased if necessary.

3dly. The houses being washed the doors must be painted olive & the borders white. The olive is made by adding black paint, to the spruce yellow, ground in oyl & purchased of Mr. Osborn. Ivory black is I think the best. In putting on the paint care must be taken to keep it well mixed with raw oyl, & that this is the real linseed, & not rape oyl. The white lead may be mixed with some whiting.

mast. An example of courage and American Heroism.

The Marsellaise was a firey outburst of feeling, and our own "Star Spangled Banner" the spontaneous product of an excited brain, from witnessing the bombardment of Fort McHenry. Both composers were unconsciously moved by a power within, and they wrote, builded better than they knew. A National lyric, is invariably the result of the conjunction of the man and the hour, and when a song has once taken root in the hearts of a people, time itself is powerless against it.

Our own Revolution of 76 gave birth to "Yankee Doodle." The threatened war with France in 1798 brought forth "Hail Columbia." The War of 1812 evoked the "Star Spangled Banner;" and the war of the Rebellion gave rise to the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and the "Battle Cry of Freedom." Songs which still, and ever will fire the patriotic heart.

Our country never had any recognized National Hymn until within the last few years. The Army and Navy departments have finally settled that upon all special and public occasions "The Star Spangled Banner" shall be recognised as the National Anthen.

"Yankee Doodle" "Hail Columbia" "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner" have done duty on this line in the absence of anything better. And now that the Star Spangled Banner has been dignified by the title by the proper authorities, it seems most fitting that it should be because it was not the offspring of mere fancy or poetic imagination, for its author Francis Scott Key actually saw and felt what he wrote about, while held as a prisoner on the British ship in Chesapeake bay; every word came warm from his heart, hence the warm spirit of patriotism which he breathes into the Song.

When the War of the Rebellion broke out in 1861, the number of Songs in vogue adapted to the state of the Public mind was limited. Our National Airs were utilized on the Union side while the Confederates wrote new words for "Dixie" borrowed the Marsellaise Hymn, and took promptly to "Maryland My Maryland."

As the war progressed many distinctively war songs were written on both sides. Many of these old melodies have died a natural death, nevertheless they filled the hearts of a generation, that is fast passing away, but we propose to resurrect a few on these pages. Some of them have a history, which lends to them an additional charm, at least to the old soldier.

Our country has rested in peace for nearly 45 years and the war seems but a dream, and yet when we turn to our note books, and read the pencelings made while on the march, or in the hospital, and by the flickering light of the Camp Fire, it is no longer an imagination, but a reality. We see once more the moving column with its storm driven flags, the gleaming bayonet. We can even hear the drum beat, the bugle call. Memory calls up the scene in the camp, the long tedious dreary winter days, the discomforts as well as the pleasures of Camp life and we came to be living it over again. But who wants the return of the stiring times of 61 when the whole country, north, held its breath, while it anxiously watched the defiance of the gallant Anderson in Fort Sumpter surrounded by the enemies of his country. A crisis was approaching, and public feeling all over the country was wrought to the highest tension and stood tiptoe with intense expectancy. The test of the doctrine of Secession was about to be made and Patriot and Rebel eyes were turned to Charleston harbor. With what eagerness the Bullitin boards were watched and the newspapers scanned to see if the "Stars and Stripes" still floated over the Fort.

But Sumpter fell, and Anderson evacuated the fort, taking with him the flag he so bravely defended. The tension was too great, the cord which held the Union was broken and we were plunged into a long and bloody war. Flushed with success the Confederates predicted that their flag would soon float over the dome of the Capitol at Washington. On to Washington was the cry from the South and likewise from the North. Lincoln had called for 75,000 men. All through the cities of the North the fife & drum beat the "call to arms." Men

flocked to the standard of their country. Troops were hurried to Washington to save the capitol, but there lurked in Baltimore the spirit of Secession and showed itself in an attack upon the 6th Mass. Regt. as it was passing through the city on its way to Washington, they were looked upon as invaders of the soil of Maryland, and from this circumstance grew the Southern song "Maryland, My Maryland." But this famous song traversed the North as well as the South. Both North & South claimed the state of Maryland, but as it never succeeded in Seceeding the sentiment of the song, suits one section as well as the other.

The poem was written by James R. Randall, a native of Baltimore, but at the time living in New Orleans, and there in April, 61, he read in the papers the news of the attack on the Mass. troops as they passed through Baltimore. The account excited him greatly, it inflamed his mind, that night he could not sleep, his nerves were unstrung, and he could not dismiss the thought from his mind. About midnight he arose, lit a candle, he says some powerful spirit appeared to possess him and almost involunterily he proceeded to write the poem, which was dashed off rapidly, when once begun. It was not composed in cold blood, but under the inspiration of the moment, and became instantaneously popular. His burning words helped to fire the Southern heart, but it needed to be welded to music to do its work well. Miss Jennie Cary, a Baltimore rebel sympathizer gave the poem the musical wings needed to enable it to reach every camp fire of the Southern Army. Being eager to score a success, at the Glee Club which met at her house, she was induced by her sister to adapt the words to some air. That night as her voice rang out the stanzas, the enthusiasm was so great that it communicated itself to a crowd of listeners who had assembled under the open windows outside. A few weeks after this Miss Cary went throught the lines to visit the Maryland troops in the Southern Army, while there a song was requested when Miss Cary sang "My Maryland" for the first time

to the soldiers. As the last notes died away there was a wild shout "We will break her chain, she shall be free." Three cheers for Maryland. There was not a dry eye in the gathering & we are told there was not a cap with the rim on it in the camp. Thus it was introduced into the army.

When the Confederates invaded Maryland in 1862 they supposed the state was ready to seceed, but that it was held in subjection by the iron heal of the Government. They came as liberators, and while crossing the Potomac into Maryland, they sang the song with enthusiastic demonstrations, but they were driven back and foiled in the attempt. There is perhaps no one of the war songs comparable for depth of feeling to My Maryland. It is an eloquent and passionate entreaty. James Russell Lowell pronounces it "the finest poem produced during the Civil War."

The origin of one of the most popular tunes of the time "John Brown's Body Lies Mouldering in the Grave" is uncertain and involved in dispute. The raw facts, as to who wrote it? at what place? and when? are deficient. It has been called "a spontaneous generation of the uprising of the North; a self made song—which sang itself into being of its own accord. It has been likened unto "Topsey" of "Uncle Toms Cabin" in that it was never born, it grew. John Brown had been hanged in 1859. The feeling of indignation which his execution called forth found relief in this song. During the War "John Brown's Body" swept the heartstrings of the North and its brave Boys in Blue. The war has passed and the song is passing, is already much of a memory. It was the 12th Mass. Regt which first adapted this song as a marching song and they sang it marching down Broadway in New York July, 1861.

The few verses written by Frank E. Jerome of Kansas however, were insufficient for the popularity of it, as a marching tune for the thousands of Union Soldiers who kept time to this rude chant, so other words and verses suited to the occasion whatever that might be

were added. This song has been called by some "The Marsellaise of Emancipation."

How proud a certain regiment of colored troops, many of whom had been slaves, felt as they marched into Charleston that hot bed of Secession and along its main avenue, after its capture singing their most soul thrilling war song

"John Brown's Body lies a mouldering in the Grave
His soul is marching on."

They raised their caps and hung them on their bayonets, while around them gathered a dusky crowd of men, women and children (slaves) dancing, shouting and mad with joy.

The "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is truly American in sentiment and in the days of the Civil War, the patriotic feeling of every American heart responded to it. A writer says this song was the incarnation of patriotism and martial feeling pent up in "John Brown's Body" as an offset to the war cry of "Maryland, My Maryland." The Hymn is certainly the best specimen of the Lyric Poetry of the civil war. Mrs. Howe was visiting Washington in December, 1861. The two great forces were holding each other in check and the very air was tense with expectancy. The noise of the drum, fife and bugle, were heard continually. "Bull Run" had shown the North that any victory won, would be neither swift nor easy, and the South had learned of the determined temper of those, with whom they had to cope. Mrs. Julia Howe, in company of friends had attended a review of the troops South of Washington. The maneuvers were interrupted by an attack of the Confederates, and reinforcements had to be sent hastily to the aid of the small force which had been surprised, and surrounded. Her return to the City was impeded by the marching of the troops who filled the highway. As the troops marched by singing "John Browns Body" she was deeply impressed, a patriotic flame was kindled in her heart. She expressed a desire to write some other words to the tune. She slept as usual that night, but awoke before dawn of the

morning, and found herself trying to weave together certain lines which although not suited to the John Brown Song were yet capable of being sung to the music. Line after line shaped itself in her mind and verse after verse. Fearing they might be effaced from her memory by a morning nap, she got up, and in the dim twilight began to write the lines of the poem. She completed the writing, went back to bed, and fell fast asleep. The poem did not attract much attention at first, but the lines in some way, found their way to Libby prison where Union soldiers were confined, who sang it to the tune of "John Brown". By the exchange and return of these prisoners to their regiments it was introduced into the army and on to the battlefield, and once was the inspiration which lead "a forlorn hope" through a desperate assault, to victory.

In the dark days of 1862 after our army had been repulsed at Bull Run, Lincoln issued his proclamation calling for 300,000 volunteers, not only to fill up the shattered ranks of the army, but also to capture Richmond. It was under these circumstances that John S. Gibbons wrote "We are coming Father Abraham, 300,000 More" a lyric which contributed not a little to the bringing about of the uprising it declared. The author of this ringing "Call to Arms" was a Quaker, with a reasonable leaning however towards wrath in cases of emergency . . . . It was set to music by the Celebrated Hutchinson family.

The song soon became popular at all the recruiting meetings, hence it became known as the "Recruiting Song" and was sung with great effect at such times. As the enthusiasm welled up to an uncontrolable pitch, and the whole meeting joined in the chorus with a vim and vigor indescribable. A young man would step forward to sign the muster roll, then his companions would soon follow, then the drums would rattle and the fifer as though his instrument had gone wild. The drum beat and the fife were a familiar sound on the streets. Lincoln came down to the Red Room in the White House

one morning to listen with bared head and tearful eyes, while one of a party of visitors sang "We are Coming Father Abraham."

As regiment after regiment left for the seat of war, there were many sad scenes, relatives, friends and sweet hearts, followed the company or regiment to the depot to bid the last farewell. Thousands watched the going through tearful eyes, and then returned to lonely homes. The young man would try to look brave as he bade his sweet heart "good bye." However sad the parting, the band would always manage to play as the cars moved off, the lively air of "The Girl I Left Behind Me". There is a warm Gulf Stream in the ocean of love, and many a time in camp, the soldier would sing

"I vowed to join both heart and hand,
Where duty calls you'll find me,
I left my home, and shed a tear
For the girl I left behind me."

Chief among the lyrics of that time, was what was known as the Battle Cry, or "The Battle Cry of Freedom" a martial air which has continued popular even to this day. Perhaps no song was more popular among the soldiers than this one, it was a favorite in camp and on the march. It was composed and set to music by Dr. Geo. F. Root. As the war is over, some of its words sound too harsh in these piping times of peace & brotherly love.

In the wilderness at the bloody battle of Spottsylvania, while the storm of battle was at its height, and the Surgeons were busy on the field among the wounded, a soldier who had just had his shattered arm amputated, supported himself against a tree and sang "The Union Forever; hurrah Boys, hurrah." In a moment he was joined in the chorus by his wounded comrades, raising their arms & swinging their caps, all unmindful of their pains, and all this amid the unceasing rattle and roll of musketry and cannon, the cheer of the combatents, the tramping of horses and the explosion of shells. It was such songs that inspired our men to noble deeds. While the uproar of the battle was at its wildest there were cheers

sharper & louder than the din of battle, into the storm swept the Vermont brigade with bayonets fixed, they leaped over the entrenchments capturing the Rebel works at the point of the bayonet. Dashing on with enthuiasm, thrilling every nerve, their charge was irresistable. This successful & daring charge placed the Vermont brigade far in advance of the main line, stubbornly they held the captured works against the assaults of the Confederates. Orders were sent to withdraw the men from their perilous position, but the brave men protested saying "we dont want to go back, give us rations and ammunition and we'll hold it for six months if you want us to." Genl. Wright rode over to Gen. Grant "What shall we do?" he asked. "Pile in the men and hold it," was Grants reply, and they did hold it and thus they "hurled the Rebel crew from the land they loved the best."

This song was a distinctive war song. The Confederates used to hurl it back to us, for a slight change in some of the words made it suit their purpose. It was no unusual thing to hear them render the chorus thus

"Here's Dixie forever, hurrah boys hurrah
Down with the Yankees & up with the bars."

With the pleasant humor, which never deserts the American Soldier, the gentle lines of "Mary had a little lamb" were fitted snugly to the tune and many a regiment shortened a weary march by singing

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow
SHOUTING THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go
SHOUTING THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM."

One of the darkest spots upon the history of the Civil War was the manner in which the Confederates treated their prisoners of war, confined them in pens and dungeons and on sand bars in the rivers, like Andersonville and Belle-isle without any protection from the weather; half naked and half starved. They suffered from cold,

heat, vermin and starvation. While all bitter thoughts are resolutely put aside, yet poor human nature is not equal to the task of obliterating the hideous recollections of prison life. How the prisoners longed for our army to capture Richmond and release them from their misery. With great spirit they used to sing "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching."

This song was written by Dr. Geo. F. Root and called "The Prisoners Hope." It was the authors purpose to cheer the boys who were languishing in prison. In the fall of 1864 at Charleston there was a remarkable exhibition of the inspiration in a song of patriotism. Several hundred of our soldiers who had been herded in a pen, half starved were marched from their pen to another one some distance away, as they staggered along in their weakness, there came from these veterans of war an outburst in the prisoners song of hope.

"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the boys are marching,
Cheer up Comrades they will come.
And beneath the Stary Flag
We shall breathe the air again
Of the freeland in our own beloved home."

These suffering defenders of the Union sang the song not only with patriotic unction, but in splendid triumph, for in a few months from this affecting scene, they did hear the "tramp tramp tramp" and the boys came marching like conquering heroes, prison doors were opened, prison walls broken down, and the prisoners breathed the air of freedom again.

The army under Gen. Sherman fought its way from Chattanooga to Atlanta . . . it commenced its memorable march through Georgia to the sea, arrived at Savannah where it made its triumphal entry Dec. 13, 1864. In its march it devastated the country for a breadth of sixty miles. Sherman could not carry provision for such a large army, he had to depend upon the country through which he marched, he organized a separate division of 5,000 men known as "foragers" but commonly called the "Bummers Corps." While they were of great service

to our army they did great damages to the Confederates and their country. They were always on the alert and secured the forage for the army. They would sometimes come into camp with a dozen new horses loaded down with chickens, turkeys, pigs and potatoes. In one instance a squad with live fowels dangling at their saddles were confronted by a detachment of rebel cavelry. The "bummers" formed in line, fired a volley and started on a charge, the galloping of the horses accompanied with the flapping of wings, the cackling of hens, gobbling of turkeys and squealling of pigs stamped the horses of the enemy and gave the forage a chance to escape with their booty. The whole army had lived on such rich food, so long that it had dyspepsia by the time it arrived at Savannah. The boys were glad to come down to plain living "hard tack & black coffee.' . . . . The chickens of Savannah roamed the streets in perfect safety. Shermans army made a donation to the citizens of Savannah of old carts, waggons and carriages, a sorry looking lot indeed, which they had gathered up along the march.

Henry C. Works famous "Marching Through Georgia" was written near the close of the war, and its facts and references are restricted to Sherman's triumphal march through Georgia. The time is fresh and spirited & this fair to be one of the chief musical legacys of the Civil War.

A rattling good war song which has kept its hold on the ears of the people, is "When Johnny Come Marching Home" written in 1863 by "Louis Lambert" or properly speaking P. S. Gillmore, the famous leader. This tune was bravely played as a Godspeed to many a lad whose march was toward the front. There was magic, however in the melody picturing the returning regiments to their city or hamlet.

COL. ABEEL LOST HIS PANTS IN "LITTLE FALLS"

Albany, Wednesday Morning,
Sir, Sept 22nd, 1823.

I hope you will excuse the Liberty I now take with

you. I have been since March last in the Western Country arranging all my affairs in that Country, which I have nearly completed, at the same time I was by the Heirs of the late James Henderson, Esqr, disceased employed in finding what Property and Lands, he owned in this State and have been very successful in finding property in Lands to a great amount with the settlement of which I shall have but little Trouble. Having been 8 weeks ill have been obliged to spend a good deal of Cash and left about 50 Dollars in my Pocket from Utica in the Night I arrived at the Little Falls about half after 2 o'clock in the morning and went to bed and about half after 3 o'clock was alarmed by some person picking my Pantaloons from under my Pillow, it awaked me and I jumpt out of bed & followd the thief as fast as within a few Steps of the Door, he got off and I have not had it in my power to recover, as yet.

Hearing David D. Colden who has recd upwards of 380 of mine, was in the City I act for this plan, but find my information was wrong. I am disappointed and declare to you, I have not a Dollar by me. I want about 20 $ if you will be so kind as to help me, I will give an order on my Son in Law is Courtmarshal and is settled by board in the House Paine lived & has considerable sums in his hands recd for me, which he will pay John Beebee immediately. I am requested by the Heirs of James Henderson to be in New York by Saturday next. I will convince you I have besides the money Colden has of me a large sum due. If you can oblige me, you help a Poor Sick Man who has been ill a longtime and since his arrival here has gained a little strength, the moment I get to New York I can receive money and am suposed to be here again 6 October.

Will you leave a line for me whether you can oblige or not & you will oblige

Your distress'd friend

JAS. ABEEL.

Nicholas Low, Esqr.

THE AMERICAN AUTOGRAPH SHOP: APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA

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to rectify dates of historical occurrences,

to show the contributions of otherwise unknown Americans to the development of their country.

We draw this material to the attention of Historians, Archivists, Librarians, Collectors and Publicists who will make a scholarly use of all this unknown and often unique pieces for the good of us all.

Dead and dust are the hands who wrote these letters and records of their own lives and of the times in which they lived, but their written words speak to us from the yellowed pages that we found and acquired, and through us—to our posterity.

THE AMERICAN AUTOGRAPH SHOP

November 22nd of this Year of War, 1942.

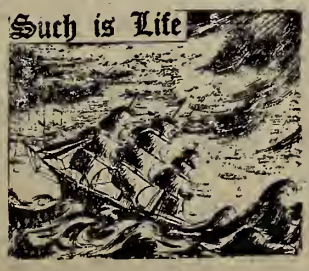
OUR DEAD CONTRIBUTORS

THE WASHINGTON LETTERS printed in this issue are most remarkable as they were written by Gen. Washington to his intimate friend Gen. Philip J. Schuyler at two important periods of the General's life, when returning from the wars to his beloved Mount Vernon, and again in 1787 when he left his retirement and assumed the Presidency of the Constitutional Convention. We do not know where the originals are or if they are still in existence.

Gen. Schuyler's son, Philip J. Schuyler, Jr., copied both letters faithfully in 1833 from the originals, while at the Washington Hotel in New York, upon the request of Mrs. Pierce, of No. 91, Houston Street, New York. We have his letter to Mrs. Pierce, a friend of Mrs. Schuyler, as well as the two copies in Mr. Schuyler's hand. The 100th birthday of Gen. Washington has just been celebrated in New York, and Mrs. Pierce wished these letters, likely for some patriotic archives, as Mr. Schuyler offers to perform the same services, whenever asked for them.

We will be grateful for advice where the originals of these letters may be found.

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
BUY WAR BONDS



"The only thing we have to fear
is fear itself"

Franklin D. Roosevelt

THE COLLECTOR:

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"...OUR FLAG WAS STILL THERE..."

By the dawn's early light of a September morning nearly a hundred and thirty years ago, two figures paced the deck of a flagship anchored in Chesapeake Bay, near the mouth of the Patapsco.

Fort McHenry had been under bombardment throughout the long night—but before daylight the firing had ceased. Had the Fort surrendered? Or had the attack been abandoned?

In "dread silence" the two Americans, who were being detained on a flagship by the British, peered anxiously through the graying mist. Was it the Union Jack—or was it the Stars and Stripes floating over the Fort?

Hope finally turned to certainty—

"AND THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER IN TRIUMPH DOTH WAVE . . ."

The growing light revealed the enemy stealthily retreating to their ships.

Sensing the keen drama of the moment, one of the two Americans pacing the deck stopped at the rail, drew a letter from his pocket, and on the back of it scribbled some brief lines . . .

Later, in a boat on his way to shore, he completed his notes.

In those inspired moments, Francis Scott Key had composed his immortal hymn, destined through centuries to lift men's hearts in a paeon of thanksgiving . . .

"BLEST WITH VICT'RY AND PEACE, MAY THE HEAV'N RESCUED LAND,
PRAISE THE POWER THAT HATH MADE AND PRESERVED US A NATION . . ."

In its *theme* lies its immortality; not a call to arms—not glorification of a leader—but a prayer of simple gratitude.

Soon after the abandonment of the attack by the British, Key and his companions were able to land and learn the particulars of the engagement. When they reached Baltimore, still fired by the thrilling experience, he

INDEPENDENCE DAY, 1777

Philadelphia, July 5, 1777.
". . . Nothing material has happened since I wrote you last except the celebration of the Fourth of July (the Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence). You will see it at large in the Inclosed paper, but One thing is remarkable. This day and the 28 *of June, memorable for the Defence of Sullivan's Island, were both celebrated here, and at both a Hessian Band of Music, which were taken at Princetown, performed very delightfully, the pleasure being not a little heightened by the reflection that they were hired by the British Court for purposes very Different from those to which they were applied. . . ."*

THOMAS BURKE
(Governor of North Carolina. Member Continental Congress, 1776 to 1781. Fought at the Battle of Brandywine. Made prisoner by the British but escaped.)

These two Batterys of 24 guns kept up an incessant shower of shot for more than two hours on the Barges—and they were distinctly heard to say more than once By Gd. they'l blow us out of the water. About Two in the morning they returned and we got a glimpse of them and immediately opened the lower Battery which must have done considerable execution. I did not conceive it possible that the same number of men & Boats could be kept as still as they were that night—

(. . . THE FOE'S HAUGHTY HOST IN DREAD SILENCE REPOSES . . .)

We have one of their Boats, a 74 launch which was lost full of men said to be 60 or 70—

(. . . AND WHERE IS THAT BAND WHO SO VAUNTINGLY SWORE . . .?)

On Thursday morning the Patapsco was full of men floating about—

(THEIR BLOOD HAS WASHED OUT . . .)

(Some) were sewed up in linen and others just as they were. Admiral Cochrane commanded in person.—He hoisted (his) broad flag on board the Menalaus frigate commanded by his Son.—Previous to the attack he asked Mr. Key, a Lawyer from Georgetown who was on board the flag, whether there was any person in the fort Authorised to surrender that and the shipping as he should send in a Summons that day at 3ock which I believe was started from the Admls ship but our batterys being uncommonly annimated at that hour she put about and returned— The loss in the fort was comparatively smal only 7 killed and 23 wounded.

(. . . THROUGH THE PERILOUS FIGHT . . .)

Of the latter our company has 7 severely— but none killed dead. I was Blown up once whilst in the act of Removing the Powder from the Magazine—but received no other damage than getting my pantaloons torn nearly off me. . . ."

"Severn Teackle" does not ring familiarly in our ears.* Some descendant of his may perhaps happen upon this account, and throw light upon the circumstances of his life. But should his identity remain forever as shrouded in mystery as that of the unknown youth lying in Arlington Cemetery, still he is a part of that immortal company—one of the many figures in the colorful pageant of America's epic past.

Young "Severn"—for so he signs his letter to his friend Philip Wallis of Easton, Maryland—concludes his stirring narrative without even the formality of a new paragraph:

" . . . We have a song composed by Mr. Key of G. Town which was presented to every individual in the Fort in a Separate sheet—you may have seen it . . . if not at some future day I will shew it you."

Those early patriots seemed to have a sense of the *future's* problems as well as their own—

"O! THUS BE IT *ever* WHEN FREEMEN SHALL STAND,
BETWEEN THEIR LOV'D HOME, AND THE WAR'S DESOLATION. . . ."

In this hour when the destinies of nations hang in the balance, it is well for us to turn backward to simple records such as this, to distill from them new values, new guidance and new hope. Inspiration and balance lie in the realization that we of our age are not alone in our sacrifices; others of bygone days as well have put aside their personal joys and sorrows to merge their lives in one great effort—have given that "last full measure of devotion" to secure the American way of life for all who tread on American soil.

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*Since this article went to the printer, Miss Dorothy Miner, Librarian and Keeper of Manuscripts at the Walters Art Gallery of Baltimore, commenting on this letter, writes: "There was in the 19th century a well-known Baltimore lawyer called Severn Teackle Wallis, whose name combines several of the names mentioned in your letter."

Lincoln Legend On Air

"The Lonesome Train," a musical legend written by Norman Corwin, will be heard over WOWO at 6:30 p.m. today. Telling the story of the train carrying Abraham Lincoln's body from Washington to Springfield, it is a musical journey reminiscing on the life and times of Lincoln. With such outstanding stage personalities as Richard Huey as the preacher, Raymond Edward Johnson as Lincoln, and Jeffry Alexander as choir director, it is a moving commentary on one of the most critical eras in American history.

2-12-45



Lincoln Lore

Bulletin of The Lincoln National Life Foundation . . . Dr. R. Gerald McMurtry, Editor
Published each month by The Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana

Number 1527 FORT WAYNE, INDIANA May, 1965

Lincoln Song Sheets

The Civil War was a singing war and literally thousands of song sheets were widely distributed throughout the Northern States during the conflict. The usual song sheet measured 8" x 5" and carried at the top a colored illustration, and sometimes more than one illustration. Song sheets were lithographed and printed on one side in colored ink. The largest quantities were distributed by Charles Magnus, No. 12 Frankfort Street, New York, with a branch office at 520 7th Street, Washington, D.C. Advertisements reveal that the Magnus firm had for sale some 500 illustrated ballads.

While quite a number of song sheets bear no imprint, some of the publishers of this type of Civil War ephemera were:

Horace Partridge
27 Hanover Street
Boston, Mass.

E. F. Rollins
117 Hanover Street
Boston, Mass.

H. De Marson
54 Chatham Street
New York, N. Y.

H. J. Wehman
50 Chatham Street
New York, N. Y.

A. W. Auner
Philadelphia, Pa.

James D. Gay
Philadelphia, Pa.

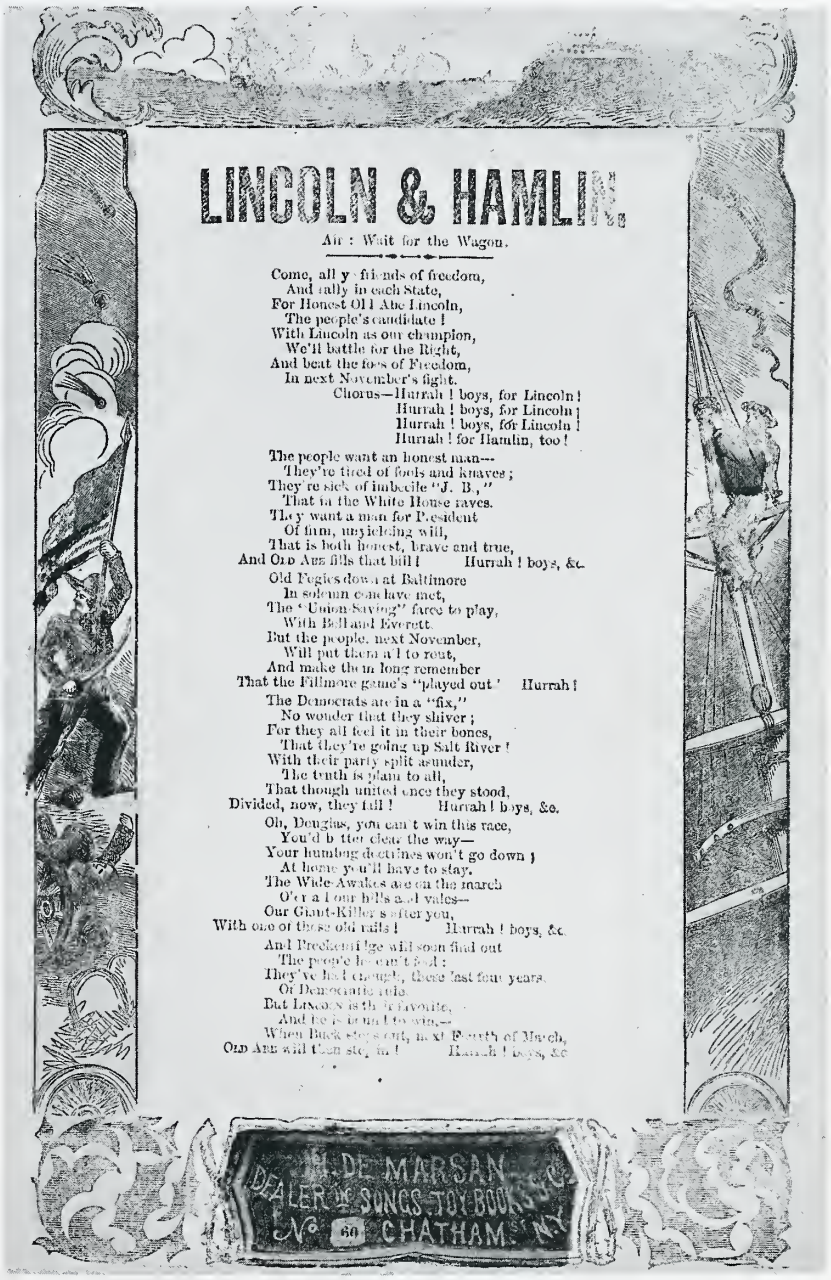
Johnson Song Publisher
7 North Tenth Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

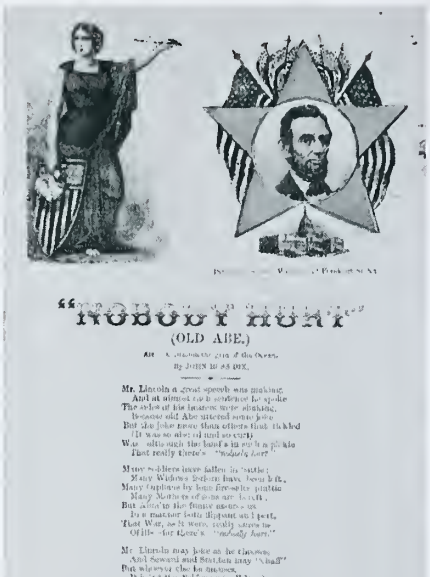
J. Magee
316 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

Mason & Company
58 North 6th Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sep. Winner's Music Store
933 Spring Garden Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

Theodore B. Stayner
22 Wickenden Street
Providence, R. I.





"NOBODY HURT"

(OLD ABE.)

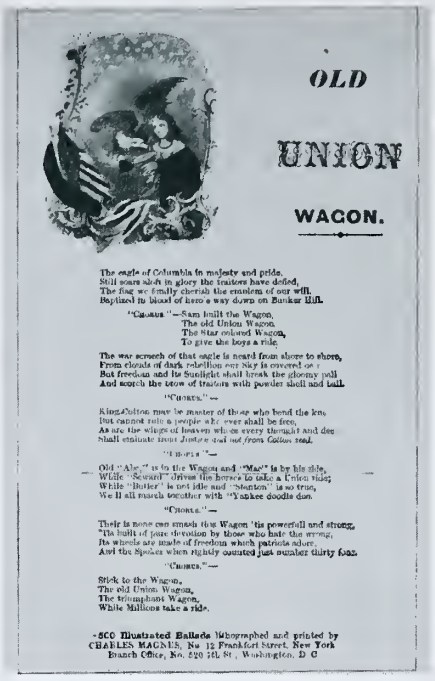
By JOHN H. SAYLOR.

Mr. Lincoln a great speech was making,
And at almost each sentence he spoke
The sides of his hearers were shaking,
Because old Abe uttered some joke;
But the joke most that others had tickled
(It was so absurd and so curt)
Was—this was the hand in which a pickle
Had really been—"Nobody Hurt."

Many soldiers have fallen in battle;
Many Widows feel sad have been left,
Many Orphans by hon. fire-sides prattle
Many Mothers of sons are bereft;
But, alas! to the funny mission—
To a matter both flippant and pert,
That War, as it were, really owes its—
Offshoot—for there's "Nobody Hurt."

Mr. Lincoln may joke on he chooses,
And Seward and Stanton may "Chaff"
But while over the land it muses,
It is not the Soldier's wish to laugh,
For fellows! whom dead and who dying,
They lie down, in Virginia's thick dirt,
They shrouding and mangled and sighing
Will not be over—"Nobody's Hurt!"

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Cornelius Mathews, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.



OLD UNION WAGON.

The eagle of Columbia in majesty and pride,
Still soars aloft in glory the traitors have defied,
The flag we fondly cherish the emblem of our will,
Baptized in blood of hero's way down on Bunker Hill.

"Chorus."—Sam built the Wagon,
The old Union Wagon,
The Star colored Wagon,
To give the boys a ride.

The war screech of that eagle is heard from shore to shore,
From clouds of dark rebellion our Sky is covered o'r;
But freedom and its Sunlight shall break the gloomy pall
And scorch the brow of traitors with powder shell and ball.

"Chorus."—

King Cotton may be master of those who bend the knee
But cannot rule a people who ever shall be free,
As are the wings of heaven which on every breath and dew
Shall eminate from Justice dear and from Colion tool.

"Chorus."—

Old "Abe," is in the Wagon and "Mac" is by his side,
While "Seward" drives the horses to take a Union ride;
While "Butler" is not idle and "Stanton" is so true,
We'll all march together with "Yankee doodle doo."

"Chorus."—

Their is none can smash this Wagon 'tis powerfull and strong,
'Tis built of pure devotion by those who hate the wrong,
Its wheels are made of freedom which patriots adore,
And the Spoken when rightly counted just number thirty four.

"Chorus."—

Stick to the Wagon,
The old Union Wagon,
The triumphant Wagon,
While Millions take a ride.

500 Illustrated Ballads Lithographed and printed by CHARLES MAGNUS, No. 12 Frankfort Street, New York
Branch Office, No. 320 7th St., Washington, D. C.



JOHNNY, FILL UP THE BOWL!

Entered according to Act of Congress, by [illegible] in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.



Published at the Music Emporium, 12 Frankfort St. N.Y.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

Oh when the Rebels first advanced to take our Keystone State,
They thought that they'd meet no fighting boys, oh what a sad mistake;
They charged upon our noble men they'd met in earnest,
Upon that great and bloody day when War was commenced.
Then shout for the Union boys, all out for the Union,
Shout for the Union boys, brave Meade is in command.

The Rebels had their spirits up when first they crossed our lines,
But when they found Brigadiers boys, they thought of other times;
Their morals began to waver then, and off they put in haste,
And started on a double-quick for old Antietam's fame,
Then shout for the Union boys, &c.

They found this army still alive and George Meade in command,
And crowd the day they left their homes way down in Dixies land;
Our soldiers made a gallant charge, fell on her legends hard,
And made the lousy Rebels dig for the hills in Maryland,
Then shout for the Union boys, &c.

They also found brave Keystone's men, with Pennsylvania command,
They thought our boys Militiamen, and were they would not stand;
But when they found McClellan's brave, they started hot and red,
'Tis at the old Potomac boys that always fight with Dan,
Then shout for the Union, &c.

Old Lee he had his army massed, he always was his plan,
But Meade knew he learned a thing or two before the ball began;
He took possession of the heights that overlooked the town,
And poured in shot and shell so hot he mow'd the Rebels down.
Then shout for the Union boys, &c.

Now there's the fighting third my boys, true Richlies was the man,
That led his brave on many forth before this fight began;
He sat his leg at Gettysburg, but said he would command,
The noble Kearney's boys again as soon as he could stand.
Then shout for the Union boys, &c.

They met his army months before at Fair Oaks and Malvern Hill,
Likewise at old Antietam, where with bayonets they were skilled;
They made more gallant charges and Lee's men got their fill,
At Gettysburg they met their match and our brothers took the day,
Then shout for the Union boys, &c.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by James B. Gay, in the Clerk's Office of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

The Lincoln Library-Museum of the Lincoln National Life Foundation has acquired a sizeable collection of Civil War song sheets; however, our efforts have been directed primarily toward the building of a collection of Lincoln song sheets. Our total count is sixty-two different items. In making such a collection any item that mentions the Lincoln name (given or surname) or any song sheet that mentions the President by implication is considered eligible for inclusion. An alphabetical list of the titles follows; however, we do not wish to infer that the Foundation's collection is complete:

1. Abraham Lincoln
2. A Hundred Years Hence
3. (Variant of No. 2)
4. A Nation Mourns Her Martyr'd Son
5. A Patriotic Song
6. Booth Is Dead
7. Campaign Song
8. Campaign Song — O' What's The Matter
9. Cotton Is King
10. Death and Burial of Abraham Lincoln
11. General Grant's Boys
12. Give Us Back Our Old Commander
13. God Save The President!
14. Good Morning Master Lincoln!
15. He's Gone To the Arms of Abraham
16. (Variant of No. 15)
17. Hold On Abraham!
18. How Are You Green-Backs?
19. Hurrah for Abraham Lincoln
20. Hymn
21. Hymn For The National Funeral
22. Illinois
23. In Memoriam
24. Johnny Fill Up The Bowl
25. (Variant of No. 24)
26. (Variant of No. 24 and 25)
27. Keystone Brigade
28. Kingdom Coming
29. Lee's Surrender Or The Yankee Doodle Dandy For The Times
30. Lincoln And Hamlin
31. Lincoln Lies Sleeping
32. (Variant of No. 31)
33. Lincoln, The Pride of The Nation
34. McClellan Will Be President
35. Nobody Hurt
36. Old Abe, The Railsplitter



PRESIDENTS HOUSE

Good Morning, Master Lincoln!

By MAX LANGENSCHWARZ.

("Melody" "Wait for the Wagon," & c.)

Good morning, Master Lincoln!
How are you feel to day?
I think I'm glad to see you
You'll be in at before next May.
We're going over Potomack,
On a visit in Dixie Land,
You will find your house in Springfield yet,
And nothing just go back.
Please take your wagon,
Please take your wagon,
For the like little rate.

You Need from us this Mansion
In Pennsylvania Avenue,
You promised to protect it, Sir,
And is n't it twenty pass,
Your servants to our sight south,
But it is high time you said,
The slaves we have to put you out,
We have to us both,
Please take your wagon &c., &c.

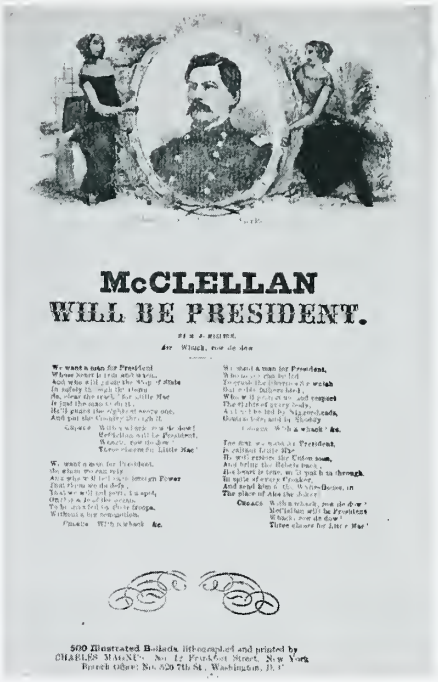
Our Neighbors made us trouble,
Yes, and good make it right,
You and you side in early days
We did last that little fight.

And now, three years are past,
We find that slight of you,
We can not be divided you,
But that was all in vain,
Please take your wagon &c., &c.

Our former Treaty be paid us
In Silver and in gold,
You took our money from us,
And left us in the cold,
What else you've done to kill us,
In all more we will pass,
But now we must good bye of you
Before we go to pass,
Please take your wagon, &c., &c.

McClellan, your Successor,
Has taken in the place,
He'll help you in more your furniture,
And get into your place,
Oh, what a day of glory
That will be to Our Host!
Good morning, Master honest Abe,
Don't fail if you go out,
Please take your wagon, &c., &c.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1864 in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York by Max Langenschwarz.



McCLELLAN
WILL BE PRESIDENT.

By H. A. WILLIAMS.

Air—Whack, row de dow

We want a man for President
Whose heart is true and warm,
And who will guide the Ship of State
In safety through the storm,
He must be a man of firm and resolute will,
He must the man to do it,
He'll grant the rights of every one,
And put the Country right at it.

Chorus—With a whack, row de dow!
McClellan will be President,
Whack, row de dow!
Three cheers for Little Mac!

We want a man for President,
He must be true and wise
As a ship will be to guide
That Storm we do defy,
That we will not perish, I'm sure,
On life's ocean we will pass,
For he is a Jew of the ocean
To be elected by their troops,
Without a big contention.

Chorus—With a whack &c.

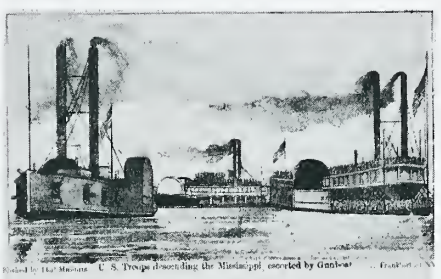
We want a man for President,
Whose heart is true and kind,
To crush the Traitors and to quell
Their rebel Cultivated,
Who will protect our rights and respect
The rights of every body,
And to be led by Negroleads,
Down here, and in Slavery

Chorus—With a whack &c.

For first we want a President,
In office Right By,
He will restore the Union soon,
And bring the Rebels low,
His hearts is true, as it will be through
In spite of every Croaker,
And send him to the White House, in
The place of the Joker.

Chorus—With a whack, row de dow!
McClellan will be President
Whack, row de dow!
Three cheers for Little Mac!

500 Illustrated Ballads, lithographed and printed by CHARLES MAGNUS, No. 12 Frankfort Street, New York. Branch Office: No. 520 7th St., Washington, D. C.



Entered to the Museum U. S. Troops descending the Mississippi, escorted by Gunboat

THE PEOPLE
TO THE PRESIDENT

German Melody: O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum, wie grün sind deine Blätter.

Air—*Maryland, My Maryland.*

By a Lady of Washington City.

Oh, let the Constitution stand,
Abraham, our Abraham,
As 'twas within our happy land,
Abraham, our Abraham.
Before rebellion raised its head,
And filled our homes with grief and dread,
Grief for the dying and the dead,
Abraham, our Abraham.

Oh, let the negro question be,
Abraham, our Abraham,
And let each loyal Southron see
Abraham, our Abraham;
That you'll respect his every right,
And, but against rebellion fight,
Then he'll assist with all his might,
Abraham, our Abraham.

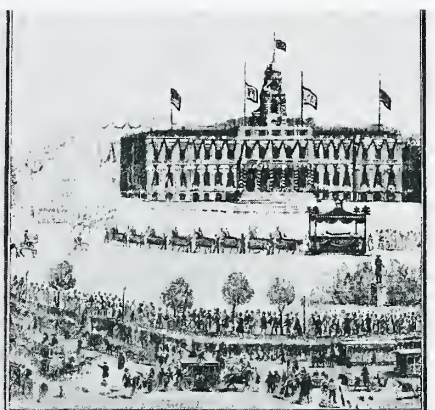
If you would have a fair renown,
Abraham, our Abraham,
Put pirating politicians down,
Abraham, our Abraham;

And every patriot true exclaim,
Not those, who want this war for gain,
Regardless of our children slain,
Abraham, our Abraham.

Those now who speculate in gold,
Abraham, our Abraham,
Are filth and kin, to him who sold,
Abraham, our Abraham,
Our Saviour's life, God he ought wo
The "Thirty pieces" for his sin,
These go not wear the battle's din,
Abraham, our Abraham.

God guide thee, ever, in the right,
Abraham, our Abraham,
And guard our soldiers in the fight,
Abraham, our Abraham,
Till peale and pardon, love thy spell,
And we, again in peace shall dwell,
Beneath the fur, all loved so well,
Abraham, our Abraham.

500 Illustrated Ballads, lithographed and printed by CHARLES MAGNUS, No. 12 Frankfort Street, New York. Branch Office: No. 520 7th St. Washington, D. C.



The Nation is Weeping.

by Lucien S. Speer.

Air—Under the Willow she's sleeping.

"Lincoln has fallen! the good and great!"
Wail, ye people in sorrow,
Martyr, we crown thee, at heaven's gate!"
The song of the angels to-morrow.

Chorus—Rest, rest, &c.

"Rest, rest, thy labor, done!"
Dirge of a nation now weeping.
Home, home, thy bright crown was,
Fruit of a golden life reaping.

Drape every dwelling in sable might,
Symbol of deep lamentation;
Wreathe him a garland of lilies white,
Fair type of the hope of a nation.

Chorus—Rest, rest, &c.

Lower our Banner! its stars are dim!
Mourn with Columbia weeping
Wither the leave she will shed for him.
Yet under that flag he is sleeping.

Chorus—Rest, rest &c.

Under the loved flag, we lay thee down,
Green be thy bright fame forever,
God, in his goodness, gives thee a crown,
In realms where there's never one never.

Chorus—Rest, rest, &c.

37. Old Union Wagon
38. Oh 'Tis Abraham Lincoln
39. (Variant of No. 38)
40. President Lincoln's Favorite Poem
41. (Variant of No. 40)
42. Song on The Death of President Abraham Lincoln
43. (Variant of No. 42)
44. The Battle of Gettysburg
45. The Captain Of The Provost
46. The Colored Volunteers
47. The Contraband's Adventures
48. No title (The Lord was on our side, . . .)
49. The Nation Is Weeping
50. (Variant of No. 49)
51. (Variant of No. 49 and 50)
52. (Variant of No. 49, 50 and 51)
53. The Nation Mourns
54. (Variant of No. 53)
55. The People To The President
56. The Rally
57. The Republican Flag
58. The Song of All Songs
59. (Variant of No. 58)
60. There's A Fine Ship on the Ocean
61. To Whom It May Concern
62. Wide Awake

The titles of these song sheets reveal that many were of a humorous nature as well as sad. Such topics as presidential election campaigns, politics, Civil War, military affairs, slavery and Lincoln's death and funeral prompted the people to sing as never before in our history. Of course, not all of the Lincoln song sheets were pro-Lincoln — some were definitely anti-Lincoln.

The purpose of the song sheet was of course to promote group singing. Seldom does a song sheet contain bars of music; instead the tune or air is given, such as "Old Dan Tucker," "America," "Wait for the Wagon," "Whack, row de dow," 'Annie Laurie" etc. Such publications could be purchased in quantities in the 1860s, at a very low cost. Sheet music was relatively high in Civil War days, and the cost would have been prohibitive if purchased in quantities.

The collector today will find Lincoln song sheets selling at a premium with catalogue prices ranging from $5 to $25; and even at such figures few are found available for sale.



A PATRIOTIC SONG.



BY

REV. BENJAMIN DANFORTH,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.



The following was composed by seeing a vision of the army encampment at Washington. I then saw a great grey Eagle come flying from the north-west near to where I stood. He then turned and flew toward the South, and alighted on the top of a tree, folded his wings, cast a look over the fields as if to view the country; then turning, opened his wings, (his feathers appeared to have been washed with gold,) and flew near to where I stood, then vanished out of my sight. My impression was that the eagle meant to represent President Lincoln.

In eighteen hundred sixty-one,
A rebel war we could not shun;
In South Car'lina, Moultrie's Fort,
The cannons made their first report.

One thing to me is sure enough,
That Anderson is the right stuff,
And his first shot he made it tell,
His soldiers done their duty well.

Ah! in this battle none will tell
How many at Fort Moultrie fell;
But one thing fills us with surprise,
That telegraphs will tell such lies.

Then Abraham from Illinois,
Sent out a trumpet sounding voice;
In times of danger he alarms,
All calls the Nation to their arms.

Our sons and daughters hear the call,
With gun and sword, powder and ball;
They onward march with bayonets bright,
And with their leaders take delight.

There's Rhoda, she's a little State,
She has one son, we think him great;
One Gov'nor Sprague—O, let his name
Be enrolled in history's book of fame.

When this excitement first began,
Our Gov'nor Sprague, took ears and ran;
Laid down his all in a good cause,
To help sustain his country's laws.

The old Bay State—noble and true,
Led on by one Gov'nor Andrew;
Their mighty men of wealth and power,
Assisted in this trying hour.

There's great New York, she's turned out well,
One leader of the Zouaves fell;
She's left a mighty host behind,
Her soldiers those of the right kind.

Ohio and that Illinois,
Our brother States will all rejoice,
When such a mighty host they send,
Our country's honor to defend.

This country, what a mighty host
Of noble men along the coast;
From Minesota, down in Maine,
Unitedly we still shall reign.

The Northern States united are,
They neither sons or money spare;
Husband leaves wife and children too,
That he may soldiers duty do.

Now, if the South would like to see
Their States in full prosperity;
Let them return with smiling face,
And they will find a warm embrace.

There is one sound which strikes my ear,
The death knell of a volunteer;
Who in his last expiring breath
All hail the Stars and Stripes, he saith.

Luther C. Ladd, still sound his name,
No soldier can have greater fame;
It pains my heart to think he fell,
He loved his native country well.

In Baltimore his blood was shed,
It stained the earth a crimson red;
His voice still crieth from the ground,
O, mark the man, I hear the sound.

Virginia's soil shall it be said!
That Ellsworth's blood has made it red!
Ah, yes we say, truly we tell
He served his native country well.

Colonel Ellsworth, a noble son,
The rebels flag he downward run;
A song of praise to him we'll give,
And let his name forever live.

When Father Lincoln heard his fate,
The loss of Ellsworth was so great,
He turned aside and veil'd his face,
To find a quiet weeping place.

There's Brownell too, made well his shot,
And killed the assassin on the spot;
That rebel Jackson, what a knave,
Has gone to fill a traiters grave.

Poor Davis, he has been deceived,
The Northern Tories he believed;
And Beauregard, who served him well,
At Sumter's battle fired his shell.

Alas, those noble sons out South,
Heed not the voice from Lincoln's mouth;
They vainly think it they rebel
That all things yet will turn out well.

Those rebel sons, O, let them live,
Let us be Godlike and forgive,
And when their folly is made plain,
Receive them in our arms again.

Now when these subjects lend an ear,
And demagogues are struck with fear;
'Tis then this rebel war shall cease
And *Soldier's Joy* will be release.

And then our wives will read this song,
And will be happy all day long;
Yes, then our children we shall see,
And toss the baby on the knee.

I have three sons enlisted too,
That they may soldier's duty do,
May they their rations never lack,
Or have a shot hole in their back.

If I am wanted I will run,
Take sword and pistol, fife and gun;
Will stand on duty all the day,
And in the night will watch and pray.

Amos and Stephen, they are right,
With gun and sword ready to fight;
And if the Gov'nor gives the call,
May take my daughter, wife and all.

I have one son named La Fayette,
That will not flee though foes should meet;
And Samuel too, will do his part,
He never had a coward's heart.

Can christians offer up their sons!
To go to war with swords and guns!
Yes, 'tis their duty when assail'd,
By rebels who ought to be jail'd.

The eagle out of the northwest,
Is on the wing—stops not to rest;
Now to the South he takes his flight
And on the palm tree soon will light.

Our President from Illinois,
Let all the sons now hear his voice;
Soon he will light on the palm tree
And reunite America——hurrah——.

There is one *Hero*, General Scott,
He makes those Southen rebels trot,
Throw down their knapsacks and their gun,
It makes us laugh to see them run.

There's many Generals in the field,
And soldiers strict obedience yield,
And O, how noble is the sight,
When soldiers for their country fight.

The White House, Oh, that glorious seat,
Where mighty Statesmen often meet,
Where noblemen—men of renown,
Will ever keep rebellion down.

May God give wisdom to direct,
President Lincoln well protect,
The council of this nation save,
That none may fill a traitor's grave.

THE REGISTER



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COVER

Jonathan E. Spilman and his family. Top: Eliza Taylor Spilman and J. E. Spilman. Bottom: Julia Bird, Charles E., Anna Louise, Clara Lee, and William Magill Spilman. From a photograph owned by Judge Earl R. Hoover.

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J. E. SPILMAN

Kentucky's Long-Lost Composer
Of A World-Famous Melody Rediscovered

By EARL R. HOOVER*

ACCIDENTALLY I found a lost world celebrity—a native Kentucky song writer—J. E. Spilman. I did not set out to find him. I did not even know he was lost. When suddenly I awakened to that fact, it took me years to prove that the Spilman I discovered was the real Spilman for whom the authorities were searching. The life I turned up turned out unbelievably fantastic.

I first bumped into Spilman about a half century after he was dead. It was around 1943 in an antique shop in Harrodsburg, Kentucky. Ohio's Civil War song writer Benjamin R. Hanby, who wrote the history-making song, "Darling Nelly Gray" (about "the old Kentucky shore"), and the child's Christmas song, "Up On the House Top," had long enslaved me as a hobby, and I really was trying to find something pertaining to him—old song books containing his songs.[1] I had never heard of Spilman.

The antique shop's proprietor was James P. Spilman. When he learned that I was interested in song writer Hanby, he had to drag out his own song writer. He did not realize he was handing me double trouble (a hobby is just that) by volunteering that his great-uncle had been a song writer, too—Rev. J. E. Spilman—who had composed the music to the old favorite, "Flow Gently Sweet Afton."

* The author is Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Cleveland, Ohio.

[1] For standard biographies of Hanby, see *Ohio Archaeological and Historical Publications*, XIV (1905), 180 *et seq.*; Mary Hubbell Osburn, *Ohio Composers and Musical Authors* (Columbus, Ohio, 1942), pp. 92 *et seq.* For a modern detailed account of Hanby's life, see Earl R. Hoover, "Benjamin R. Hanby—'The Stephen Foster of Ohio,'" in *Congressional Record*, August 9, 1965, Appendix, pp. A4406 *et seq.* For more on Hanby see Earl R. Hoover, "1964 Is Anniversary Year of 'Up On the Housetop,'" *Ohioana: of Ohio and Ohioans*, (Columbus, Ohio 1964), VII (1964), Nos. 2-3.

That fact alone would not have aroused me. It was the story he told me that did. He said that Spilman had married a niece of President Zachary Taylor; that he was a Presbyterian minister at Maysville, Kentucky; that his parsonage overlooked the Ohio River; that his wife was drowned when she was a passenger on an Ohio River steamer, the *Magnolia,* and its boiler blew up and it was destroyed as it sailed past the parsonage right in front of her family's eyes; and that shortly thereafter, in grief, the Reverend composed the music to "Flow Gently Sweet Afton."[2]

The great-nephew was not able to cite anything ever written about his great-uncle. He did not know any dates. As research later proved, he knew very little about the song writer, and much of it was inaccurate. Nevertheless it bore the earmarks of a story so exciting that there was incentive to give it chase.

Back home in our great Cleveland Public Library, I thought I could immediately verify the whole story that I heard in Harrodsburg, but for years stone walls stopped me—encyclopedias, musical and biographical dictionaries, treatises, histories, magazines. If the Empire State Building were to disappear it would be no less baffling.

The great-nephew's erroneous designation of the steamer as the *Magnolia* helped to deflect me from the scent because I did find a steamer *Magnolia* whose boilers exploded near Cincinnati on March 18, 1868, killing about eighty people, but no Mrs. Spilman was listed among the dead.[3]

I was to learn that the identity of J. E. Spilman had been puzzling, even fooling leading music historians. Putting a few facts together this seemed impossible. In song books I did find the name "J. E. Spilman" printed over the music to "Flow Gently Sweet Afton." This tied Spilman up with a world immortal because the words to that song were written by Scotland's Robert Burns. Too, it is obvious that this same melody of Spilman's is also one of the most popular ones set to an-

[2] James P. Spilman's verbal story was confirmed by him to me in a letter on stationery of the Pioneer Memorial State Park, Fort Harrod, Harrodsburg, Kentucky, dated September 24, 1945.

[3] *The Cincinnati Daily Gazette,* March 19, 1868.

other famous song, "Away In A Manger." The authorship of the words to this Christmas carol, though disputed, has been frequently attributed to another world immortal, Martin Luther, and has often been called "Luther's Cradle Hymn."[4] How can you lose a man tied up with Robert Burns and Martin Luther!

J. E. Spilman married President Zachary Taylor's niece, Eliza Taylor, daughter of Hancock Taylor. That means that Spilman's wife was a cousin to Zachary Taylor's daughter, Sarah, who married Jefferson Davis. That made Spilman's lost identity even more baffling. How could a man just drop out of sight who was tied up with four such famous people—a great poet—a great theologian—a president of the United States—and the president of the Confederacy? A man who, more than a century before, had written a melody still known the world over, even to children? A man who created something immortal—a tune sung to two world famous lyrics? A man whose name appeared over his melody in millions of old favorite song books, a copy of which was in almost every home? A man, as shall later be revealed, who was tied up with other well known figures?

On checking, I found that the late John Tasker Howard, then head of the American Music Division of the New York Public Library, said nothing about Spilman in his monumental, 841-page *Our American Music.* Other treatise writers were also helpless in penetrating the mystery.

In his equally monumental, 729-page *A History of Popular Music in America,* the late Sigmund Spaeth lavished just two sentences on Spilman, and used up two words to call him "a Philadelphian" which later proved to be entirely erroneous. I wrote the authoritative Mr. Spaeth asking for his authority for this. He replied, "I am not sure that I can give you the exact source of my information . . . but I know that this has been printed several times in the past and is generally accepted as the truth."

I wrote to the late Elliott Shapiro, of the music publishing

[4] Richard S. Hill, "Not So Far Away in a Manger," in *Notes,* published by the Music Library Association, (December, 1945), pp. 12-36. This article discusses at length Hill's search for data on Spilman.

firm, Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., Inc., of New York City, who was co-author of the book *Early American Sheet Music.* He suggested that I write to Richard S. Hill, Music Division, Library of Congress, saying "Spilman seems to be a fairly unknown proposition."

I wrote the late Richard Hill, thinking that surely in his great library, of thirty-six acres of floor space and hundreds of miles of book shelves, he had an instant, conclusive Spilman clue. He replied, "I am delighted that you have chosen J. E. Spilman as your next hobby. He is so complete an enigma that I would not be surprised if you could make him into your life work." "Besides," he added, "were I to hand you all the answers on a silver salver, it would completely ruin your fun."

Hill had already been on the Spilman hunt; and that "Philadelphia" red herring had harassed him too, for he wrote me, "I had a brief fling at trying to find a few answers to questions about him (Spilman). . . . The only intriguing lead is that family of Spilman's in Philadelphia. The name is spelled so many different ways in the different entries that you can almost hear the accent—I would guess that the name is really Spielman—that the family arrived in this country from Germany not long before their first appearance in the Philadelphia directories in 1837, and that some of the children were born abroad. This must have been true of 'J.E.' if my guesses are correct, since "Flow Gently" was first published in 1838. A good deal of hard digging, however, is going to be needed to establish even this much about the family—particularly since I am by no means certain that 'J. E.' was one of the barber's sons or relatives."

In my hunt, two irksome things were those initials "J. E." For what did they stand? In the original sheet music and in most song books they were just "J. E." To add to the annoyance, I found one song book giving it "James E." and another giving it "Jonathan E." The forces that lost Spilman seemed purposely to be throwing up confusion to keep him lost. I met another "err-itation"—Spillman spelled with two l's. In my bewilderment I had good company. Richard Hill wrote me, "I have a hunch that you will find that 'Jonathan' and 'James' are nothing better than surmises. I would be hard put to say

why, but it would not surprise me in the least if it turned out that J. E. stood for Jane Eliza. At any rate, I am quite certain that it would be thoroughly unwise to shut out one's mind to the possibility that J. E. was a lady."

When I wrote Hill that I believed Spilman was a preacher, he cautioned me, "If you look over these titles (meaning Spilman's seven songs in the Library of Congress) . . . you will agree that the editor who added 'Rev.' to his name was making a . . . wild guess. . . . None of the songs refer to him as a 'Reverend'."[5]

With such noted music historians stumped, I may have been up a tree if the Harrodsburg antique dealer had not placed in my hands some leads that the historians apparently did not have. He had said that the song writer was a Presbyterian minister at Maysville, Kentucky. Surely the Commonwealth of Kentucky and Presbyterianism had the answer.

I wrote to the Kentucky Historical Society whose headquarters are in the Old State House at Frankfort. It replied, "We find very little information about Spilman," but it did identify him as "a Philadelphian." I wrote back and asked for its authority for this statement. It replied, "*A History of Popular Music in America* by Sigmund Spaeth." Apparently it had borrowed the mistake that Sigmund Spaeth had borrowed from Richard Hill.

This was the most baffling of all. One can imagine some states that might lose such a son, but not history-conscious Kentucky, because as we shall see, Spilman was born in Kentucky and lived there about fifty years. Yet I found no leading Kentucky history that credited him with his world-resounding achievement.[6] At Bardstown, the Commonwealth of Kentucky has gone all out to honor a native Pennsylvania song writer, Stephen Foster, but it has done little, if anything,

[5] The seven songs are: "Flow Gently Sweet Afton" (1838); "I Own the Tear That Steals" (1840); "Flowers! Bright Flowers" (1844); "Leonora" (1844); "Speed Thee Pearlina Fair" (1844); "The Star of Eve" (1844); and "The Beautiful and True" (1845).

[6] One history did mention that the wife of Rev. Jonathan E. Spilman was fatally burned on a steamer opposite the lower end of Maysville, but did not identify him as the writer of a famous melody. Lewis and Richard H. Collins, *History of Kentucky* (Frankfort, Ky., Kentucky Historical Society, 1966), I, 173.

to honor its own son. Significantly, in a letter to me, Richard Hill rated Spilman favorably with Foster in one respect. Referring to the above list of Spilman's seven songs, he commented, "It would be surprising indeed had he managed to turn out more than one song in seven that would live for a century. Stephen Foster's average was no better."

To make it more astounding I was to find that Spilman wrote his immortal song in Kentucky—in the part steeped in tradition—in the Blue Grass Country—right at the core of that country—Lexington; yet today the Blue Grass is not conscious of Spilman or of the fact that while living there he did something immortal that was destined to become known to more people than any single piece of horseflesh ever bred in the Blue Grass.

In fact, another lead was to prove that Spilman attended historic Transylvania College at Lexington, oldest college west of the Allegheny Mountains. It is said to have had the first library, first football team, first medical school and first law school in the West. Spilman graduated from that law school. Among its famous sons, Transylvania boasts of George Rogers Clark, Stephen F. Austin, Jefferson Davis and John C. Breckinridge. Perhaps no one of them created any one thing that has been known and loved over so long a period by so many men, women and children here and beyond the seas, as has Spilman. He even wrote his world-famous melody on the campus while a student, but Transylvania is not aware of his achievement today.[7]

Pursuing the Presbyterian lead, I did find a book entitled *Ministerial Directory of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. 1861-1941*, compiled by Rev. E. C. Scott and published in Austin, Texas, in 1942. Though listing a "Jonathan E. Spilman," it did not mention that he was a song writer or wrote an indelible melody. It did, however, raise some hope. It indicated that Spilman had held a pastorate at Maysville, Kentucky. I wrote

[7] To an inquiry addressed to Transylvania College, I received this reply under date of May 12, 1949, over the signature of Raymond F. McLain, President: "Miss Roemol Henry, our librarian, has searched the records in the old library, and the only mention she can find of J. E. Spilman is his name (J. E. Spilman, Jacksonville, Illinois) listed in the minute book of Adelphi Society, a literary organization in existence years ago."

to the directory's compiler, but he advised me that he wasn't able to find anything about this Spilman being the composer of the melody to "Flow Gently Sweet Afton."[8] So did The Presbyterian Historical Society.[9]

I mention these things in no critical sense, but only to show how completely the song writer had been lost. We no longer have to guess Spilman's name or sex. I corralled conclusive authority—his own statement, contemporary publications, his granddaughter, his obituary and his tombstone. He is a he, and he is Jonathan. By his middle name you can determine for yourself after whom he was named. In full, he is Jonathan Edwards Spilman. There is a reason why "Reverend" does not appear on the original sheet music. He was not a preacher—yet.

Space does not permit detailing the many letters written and received. The mystery was cracked and a dramatic life story obtained mainly through three sources: The First Presbyterian Church, of Maysville, Kentucky; Illinois College, at Jacksonville, Illinois; and the song writer's granddaughter, Mrs. O. C. (Jeanne) Anderson, of Xenia, Illinois. I shall not attempt to spell out the particular information supplied by each of these, but shall tell how I made these contacts, then relate the colorful Spilman life story and buttress it with the citations of authority gathered.

I wrote to the late Rev. Robert Von Thurn, pastor of the Maysville church, and was somewhat taken back by this reply:

> Some people have endless nerve in what they ask others to do for them. To collect all the data you have asked for would require several full days of work. I have no time for that. Your letter has been turned over to Miss Mary Wilson, 8 West 4th Street, Maysville. Miss Wilson is capable of doing this work for you, and a very reasonable charge, for all that, would be $10.00. And when you write to Miss Wilson, won't you enclose an addressed and stamped envelope. Down in this country, gentlemen do that.

I never spent $10.00 more productively or had more helpful assistance from a more delightful person than the late Miss

[8] Letter to me, dated February 7, 1949, from Rev. E. C. Scott.

[9] Letter to me, dated February 17, 1949, from Guy S. Klett, Research Historian, The Presbyterian Historical Society, Philadelphia.

Mary Wilson. Later, at Maysville, I met her and Mr. Von Thurn.

Another equally helpful contact came from an article I stumbled onto, written in 1909, which, though having some blatant errors, indicated that Spilman graduated from Illinois College, at Jacksonville, Illinois.[10] I wrote to the college president, H. Gary Hudson, who supplied a wealth of material.

Much later, almost by accident, personally I was to meet Spilman's granddaughter, Jeanne Anderson, in Xenia, Illinois, who supplied valuable pictures and family records. Somehow Spilman's thrilling life had missed the main stream of history, and had to be rediscovered and recovered on the back streams of local history.

The story begins with pirates and, as suspected by Richard Hill, a change of name. The song writer's first paternal ancestor to step on America was his great grandfather, Henry Spilman. He came from England and he really wasn't a Spilman, but a Spelman. At sea, pirates murdered his father, also a Henry. Young Henry settled safely in Westmoreland County, Virginia. Due probably to his extreme youth, he started misspelling the name with an "i". Henry's son, James, lived in Culpeper County, Virginia. Among James' eight children was Benjamin Spilman, the song writer's father, who in 1790 married Nancy Rice. Immediately they plunged to Kentucky. Benjamin was just twenty-three. The song writer was born on April 15, 1812, at Greenville, seat of Muhlenberg County, Kentucky, the twelfth of their thirteen children.[11] James Madison was president. The War of 1812 was about to start. Lincoln was three years old.

The hardships of pioneer travel from Virginia to Kentucky

10 *Musical America*, (June 12, 1909), p. 20.

11 One of these 13 children and, therefore, a brother of the songwriter, was Kentucky-born Benjamin Franklin Spilman who achieved recognition as "the Father of Presbyterianism in Illinois." He studied theology with the respected Rev. Robert G. Wilson, at Chillicothe, Ohio, and was first licensed to preach by the Chillicothe Presbytery. See *Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the year 1913*, p. 62; *Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the Year 1935*, pp. 130-31; *History of White County, Illinois* (Chicago, 1883), pp. 507-09; R. C. Galbraith, *The History of the Chillicothe Presbytery, From its Organization in 1799 to 1889* (Chillicothe, 1889), p. 94.

did not quell the restless Benjamin Spilman. About 1818, the year young Jonathan became six and Illinois was admitted to the Union, the Spilmans plunged Westward again, settling in White County on the plains of Illinois. There Jonathan grew up.[12]

In 1831 Jonathan entered Illinois College at Jacksonville, whose president was Rev. Edward Beecher, the brother of Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Their father, Lyman Beecher, later an eminent Cincinnati preacher and president of Cincinnati's Lane Theological Seminary, has been called the "father of more brains than any other man in America."[13]

In time, Illinois College would count among its sons, orator William Jennings Bryan and Lincoln's law partner, William H. Herndon,[14] but now it was so shiny new that Spilman was a member of its first graduating class (1835). He had the honor, too, of being valedictorian. Of course, the class had only two graduates, but do not underestimate the competition. Today just a handful of statues stand on the grounds of the Illinois State Capitol. One is that of Kentucky-born Abraham Lincoln. Another is that of Richard Yates, the Kentucky-born, Civil War governor of Illinois, United States senator and Spilman's classmate.[15]

[12] The birth and ancestral history of J. E. Spilman were obtained from: *History of White County, Illinois, op. cit.*, pp. 492, 507; family records and clippings supplied by Mrs. Jeanne Anderson, Spilman's granddaughter.

[13] People were surprised that Rev. Edward Beecher would give up the pastorate of prominent Park Street Church on Boston Common to become president of a college that could boast of only one small brick building located on the outskirts of a little log cabin village on the western prairies. *Dictionary of American Biography* (New York, 1929), II, 128; Charles Henry Rammelkamp, *Illinois College: A Centennial History* (New Haven, 1928), pp. 44-45.

[14] Rammelkamp, *op. cit.*, pp. 577, 586. Herndon's father forced him to withdraw from the college and return home, "believing that the college was too strongly permeated with the virus of abolitionism." *Ibid.*, p. 103.

[15] For the story of this first class, all the members of which were Kentucky-born, see Rammelkamp, *op. cit.*, pp. 69-70, where there are also pictures of Spilman, Yates and the commencement program; *History of White County, Illinois, op. cit.*, p. 492; *Folio*, XXVIII, No. 1 (July, 1885), 12. At this small college, Spilman and Yates had a contemporary who was also destined to become important—Stephen Hempstead, the second governor of Iowa. Edgar Rubey Harlan, *A Narrative History of the People of Iowa* (Chicago and New York), I, 260-61; *The United States Biographical Dictionary and Portrait*

There could be only one valedictorian, but generous Jonathan Spilman eased the disappointed Yates by allowing Yates to become the first person to receive an Illinois College diploma.

Referring to the commencement, Yates later humorously said, "I am referred to as the first graduate of Illinois College. Now, for the honor of being the first graduate, I have always contended; but candor compels me to say, that it is a question which admits of some controversy. At the time I graduated I was not the only graduate and most certainly, I did not receive the first honors of the institution. The valedictory was very properly awarded to a generous and noble classmate, now an eminent barrister in the State of Kentucky. But I was not so far behind as you might suppose, for I received next to the highest honors of the institution. I was second best. I confess, I was somewhat in the condition of the boy at school, who boasted to his mother that he was 'next to head' which was all very well till the hopeful youth was interrogated as to the number of his classmates and he had to reply 'there was only two us.' In this way I received too the highest honors of Alma Mater, 'for there were only two of us.'"

"Well, my classmate being a liberal fellow, in consideration that he walked off with the valedictory, out of the plenteousness of his compassion and generosity, agreed that I should receive the first diploma. Having received the first diploma ** a beautiful sheepskin with blue ribbons and big Latin, I made my bow to the President and Faculty, and walked off the stand the 'First Graduate.' And if I ever entertained any feeling of envy toward my friend Spilman on account of his valedictory, it has always had ample revenge in the fact that I was the 'first graduate.'"[16]

Spilman now reversed his life plan. Twenty years later he would reverse his reversal and resume his original plan. If

Gallery of Eminent and Self-Made Men: Iowa Volume (Chicago and New York), p. 779. Pictures of Tempstead, Spilman, Yates, Herndon and Bryan are in a booklet, *Book of Memorial Memberships*, published by The Illinois College Fund Alumni Association (Jacksonville, Centennial Edition, 1929), pp. 1-3, 16, 160.

[16] *Quarter Century Celebration at Illinois College* (New York, 1855), pp. 45-46, a booklet by J. M. Sturtevant.

he had not shelved his original purpose he might never have written his immortal melody because the stray circumstance that inspired it might never have discovered him elsewhere. Spilman had entered Illinois College to prepare for the ministry. As graduation neared he wavered, doubted his call and tabled it for later consideration.[17]

In the fall of 1836 Spilman and his classmate, Richard Yates, entered Transylvania's law school. There the warm friendship that had grown between them at Illinois College became more firmly cemented. Spilman graduated in 1837, but returned the next year for an extra course of lectures as a resident graduate. After Transylvania the paths of the two classmates separated forever except for one brief moment. Yates, though a native of Kentucky, returned to Illinois for the big role that destiny was saving for him. Spilman remained in Kentucky. They met but once again, for an hour's conversation in Springfield when Yates was Governor.[18]

There in his native Kentucky, destiny singled out Jonathan Spilman to be one of the fortunate few who create something that will live. As the hour approached for him to write a deathless song he was young—only about twenty-five. It was a beautiful 1837 summer day. The young law student was taking advantage of it, too, as he sat in the shade of a tree on the Transylvania campus enjoying a book of Robert Burns' poems.

Musically inclined, he turned over in his mind, one by one, the tunes he knew to which various poems of Burns had been set. He came to those lines to Mary and a river. To his surprise he could think of no music to them. He must be mistaken. That just cannot be. So he read the lines over, then over, then over again. Somewhere there must be music for such words. And suddenly there was! Under the spell of immortal poetry, from some unknown somewhere, there came to Jonathan Spilman the strains of an immortal melody—

[17] *The Rambler*, an Illinois College student periodical, 1881, p. 85, setting forth a "Letter to Editor of the Rambler," from J. E. Spilman, dated "Salem, Illinois, Sept. 26, 1881," answering the editor's request for "news about our class (Class of 1835)."

[18] *Ibid.*, p. 85; Spilman's obituary, in the Illinois newspaper, *Flora Democrat*, July 2, 1896; *History of White County, Illinois, op. cit.*, p. 493.

strains that neither he nor anyone had ever heard—strains that fit into the company and do honor to the lines of a Robert Burns. And Jonathan Spilman, student of law who had tabled a call to the ministry, jotted them down there that day under a black locust, Transylvania campus tree.

At the house, piano in hand, he worked out the accompaniment. He did not realize what he had created. How could he? He took a copy to his sweetheart. She sang it to friends. They suggested publication. He laughed. They continued urging him. He mailed it to an Eastern publisher frankly admitting that such a thing was out of his line, but saying that if the publisher thought the song worthy he could publish it. Spilman emphasized that he took no responsibility. To his elation he received a laudatory reply and twenty-five printed copies.[19]

This is how it happened that, in 1838, one of the 19th Century's leading publishers, George Willig, of Philadelphia, issued a new song in sheet music by Kentucky's J. E. Spilman entitled "Flow Gently Sweet Afton":

> "Flow gently sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
> Flow gently I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
> My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
> Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream."

It sold many editions.[20]

[19] For authority that this Jonathan E. Spilman was the J. E. Spilman who wrote the melody to "Flow Gently Sweet Afton" and where and how he wrote it, see: *History of White County, Illinois, op. cit.*, pp. 491-93; Rev. John Barbour, once pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Maysville, in the *Maysville Public Ledger*, May 9, 1929; Rammelkamp, *op. cit.*, p. 69; Spilman's obituary; *Wayne County Examiner*, Fairfield, Illinois, 1941 (exact date of clipping unknown, but Illinois College which supplied it says it was probably sometime in September); *Folio;* the Misses Mary L. and Florence Wilson, *A History of the First Presbyterian Church, Maysville, Kentucky* (Maysville, 1950), pp. 49-50.

[20] For skeletal history of Willig's firm, see: Harry Dichter and Elliott Shapiro, *Early American Sheet Music* (New York, 1941), p. 244. In 1885, it was stated that "Several years ago it had reached the large scale of fifty editions"; that when it was once sung at a convention in Carmi, Illinois, at which Spilman was present, it brought tears to his eyes; and that it was one of the most popular songs composed by an early American author. *Folio.*

You recognize immediately that Spilman's tune is also sung to the words of another old favorite—one of the most loved Christmas songs,—sometimes called "Away In a Manger" and sometimes called "Luther's Cradle Hymn":

> "Away in a manger, no crib for his bed,
> The little Lord Jesus lay down his sweet head.
> The stars in the heavens look down where he lay.
> The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay."[21]

After Transylvania Law School, Spilman practiced law for eighteen grueling years in Kentucky—at Nicholasville from 1838 to 1849, then at Covington until 1856. He was a law partner of Judge Samuel M. Moore, later of Chicago, and of Judge John W. Menzies, later a Congressman.[22]

Grueling years turned into crushing years when Spilman's partner entered politics saddling him with extra heavy legal loads. He broke down. Fearing permanent injury, he sold at great sacrifice. A little place in the country restored him. There he had time to reconsider the matter he had tabled more than twenty years. In 1858, he returned to work and to his original life plan—a Christian minister. He was forty-six years old. For thirty-eight years he preached—mostly in small towns—Covington, Nicholasville and Maysville in Kentucky; Canton in Mississippi; Carmi and Flora in Illinois.[23]

There was romance and heartbreak along the way. In 1840, when almost twenty-eight, at Nicholasville he married Mary B. J. Menefee, daughter of Major John Menefee, of Jessamine County. She died three years later, three days after

[21] How great was Spilman's achievement against great competitive odds is attested by the fact that 41 different music settings have been found to the psalm "Away in the Manger," and that Spilman's is recognized as one of the most popular ones. Richard S. Hill, *op. cit.*

[22] *The Rambler, op. cit.*, p. 85; *History of White County, Illinois, op. cit.*, p. 493; Spilman's obituary; Wilson, *op. cit.*, p. 55. For a short biography of Congressman John W. Menzies, see *Biographical Directory of the American Congress 1774-1961* (Washington, D. C., 1961), p. 1320.

[23] *The Rambler, op. cit.*, p. 85; *History of White County, Illinois, op. cit.*, p. 493. (This also says that in 1876, Central University, at Richmond, Kentucky, awarded Spilman a D.D. degree); Spilman's obituary; Rev. E. C. Scott, *op. cit.*, p. 677; Wilson, *op. cit.*, pp. 55-56.

the birth of their only child. The baby died just nine months later. In 1845, now thirty-three, he married Eliza Sarah Taylor, daughter of Hancock Taylor, of Jefferson County, Kentucky—brother of Zachary Taylor. They had ten children.[24]

The great heartbreak in the Rev. J. E. Spilman's life, I discovered, came when he held the pastorate at Maysville, Kentucky—an almost unbelievable story. On the night of Tuesday, August 7, 1866, tragedy stalked the Presbyterian manse as the clergyman and his wife, Eliza Taylor Spilman, retired for the last time.

The manse perched on a picturesque panorama. The Spilmans had lived there about two years. And what a scene on which to live! Nostalgic steamboating days were plowing their deepest wakes on the Ohio River. The Spilman house was a loge. The Ohio River was a stage. The hills of Ohio were a backdrop. Below, the giant actors puffed and paddle-wheeled their cues.

Tonight Eliza Spilman was particularly excited because tomorrow she would leave her spectator's seat to become an actress in the river's thrilling drama. If she could scan the script tonight she would turn back her part, for in this very theater the curtain would roll up on tragedy and she was cast as tragedienne.

Yes, taking a steamer on this shimmering O-hio-way, tomorrow she will visit down river in Covington and Louisville after first meeting her son, Charles Spilman, in Cincinnati.

The boat will be the Cincinnati-Portsmouth packet, the elegant, new *Bostona No. 3*, built at Jeffersonville, Indiana, and owned by David Gibson (½), Preston Lodwick (¼), both of Cincinnati, and W. E. Z. Moore (¼), of Portsmouth. The boat's master was Cincinnatian, Preston Lodwick.[25]

This last night the family planned a unique, gala "bon voyage" for Eliza Spilman. The manse was downstream from

[24] *History of White County, Illinois, op. cit.*, p. 493; Spilman's obituary; Wilson, *op. cit.*, p. 56.

[25] Frederick Way, Jr., *Way's Directory of Western River Packets* (Sewickly, Pa., 1950), p. 40; letter to me, March 30, 1949, from The National Archives, Washington, D. C., revealing facts re the *Bostona No. 3* found in records of the former Bureau of Navigation. The latter also indicates that an enrollment was issued to this boat at Cincinnati, Ohio, on May 6, 1865.

the town wharf. They will put her on the *Bostona No. 3,* rush home, take their stations, and, as the steamer passes the manse, all will wave handkerchiefs in farewell.

The next day, Wednesday, August 8th, these plans are faithfully executed. It was twilight as the great ship pulled away from the Maysville pier and pointed toward Cincinnati. It was weighted down with passengers and freight including a few hundred gentle creatures from which ordinarily one could expect no harm—sheep. A violent storm was gathering.

As the majestic *Bostona No. 3* approached the Spilman home, the family saw Eliza at the ship's rail and she saw them. From ship to shore and from shore to ship happy handkerchiefs shouted "goodby," but now something injected itself that wasn't planned. As they waved, suddenly the family became aware of a danger of which Eliza was not aware.

Something horrid had happened during the short interval between the boat's leaving dock and its arrival near the Spilman home. The night watchman had gone back to the locker underneath the ladies' cabin to fill his lamp with coal oil, and startled sheep had knocked the lamp out of his hand. Immediately the rear of the boat was wrapped in flames.

Terrified, the family suddenly realized that there, in front of her home, a mother and wife was sailing on a blazing inferno unaware of her peril.

A moment later the fire alarm shrieked. Word flashed throughout the boat. Passengers were exhorted to save themselves. Panic ripped the ship, but a steel-nerved pilot stayed at his wheel. Fortunately, not too far away, there was a sand bar near the Ohio shore, and he rammed the bow into the bar. Passengers rushed to the bow and scrambled down to the bar. Most were saved.

Attempting to escape, Eliza Spilman ran into a broken steam pipe and was severely scalded. She reached the hurricane deck and there sank, exhausted and unable to move. People came to her aid, either carrying her from the burning vessel or throwing her into the river. In a drenching rain they rowed her across the Ohio on a skiff. She hobbled up the steep hill to her home. In excruciating pain, she died two days later, Friday morning, August 10, 1866, and was buried in the

Maysville Cemetery.[26] The splendid *Bostona No. 3* was totally destroyed—loss $160,000.[27]

Spilman was fifty-four; Eliza, forty-four. They had been married twenty-one years. About half of their ten children were living including Charles, the oldest, who was nineteen, and Lewis Hopkins, the youngest, who was only six.[28] One daughter, Mrs. Julia Byrd Dewey, of Palm Beach, Florida, a writer, was recognized in *Who's Who In America.*[29] The son, Lewis Hopkins Spilman, a lawyer of Knoxville, Tennessee, was also a writer who made *Who's Who.* Spilman lived thirty more years but never remarried. What irony that he should gain fame imploring a river to be gentle! His is the drama of a man in whose life two rivers play—two that flow thousands of miles apart in different hemispheres. One that he never saw, brought immortality; the other, flowing beneath his home, death.

Up the Ohio River about 170 miles from Louisville and 65 from Cincinnati—Maysville is still one of the nation's picturesque river towns. Rising from the shore into scrouging hills that help hem it between land and water and decorated with enough colonial homes to make New England green-eyed, it is a delight. It was the home of Stanley Reed, Justice of the United States Supreme Court; and it is the birthplace both

[26] The story of the disaster to Eliza Spilman and to the *Bostona No. 3*, as well as of the family farewell, is taken from: *Maysville Eagle*, August 9, 11, 1866; *Maysville Weekly Bulletin*, August 9, 16, 1866; unidentified newspaper clipping found in the Bible of Anna Louise Spilman, deceased daughter of J. E. and Eliza Spilman, a copy of which was made available to me by the songwriter's granddaughter, Jeanne Anderson (Mrs. O. C.) of Xenia, Illinois; the above records in The National Archives; *Christian Observer*, Louisville, Kentucky, August 30, 1866; Collins, *op. cit.*, I, 173; Wilson, *op. cit.*, pp. 51-53.

[27] Collins, *op. cit.*, I, 173.

[28] Jonathan was born April 15, 1812, at Greenville, seat of Muhlenberg County, Kentucky. Eliza was born June 23, 1822. They were married April 10, 1845, and had ten children, namely: Charles, Anna Louise, Mildred Wilson, Richard Henry, Eliza Allen, William Magill, Julia Bird (also spelled Byrd), Clara Lee, Frances Rice, and Lewis Hopkins. Reports conflict as to whether five or six children survived Eliza. *History of White County, Illinois, op. cit.*, pp. 492-93; Wilson, *op. cit.*, pp. 50, 55-56; inscriptions on tombstones of Jonathan and Eliza; family records supplied by Jeanne Anderson.

[29] Byrd Spilman Dewey was born in Covington, Kentucky, and spent some formative years in Maysville and Lexington, Kentucky, as is disclosed in the sketch in *Who's Who in America*, XVII (1932-33).

of singer Rosemary Clooney and of the late John R. Marsh, the husband of the late Margaret Mitchell who wrote the best-seller, Civil War novel *Gone With The Wind.*

Though J. E. Spilman is forgotten in Maysville today, downtown there still stands the stately First Presbyterian Church where he preached in the 1860's. Forgotten too, though once the focus of a tragedy that rocked the whole valley, there still stands on the west side of town not far from the river, the house where the Spilmans lived.[30]

In my quest there were years of correspondence to New York, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Kentucky, Georgia, Mississippi, Texas, Illinois and California. I made field trips to Kentucky and Illinois. At Maysville, I beheld the manse from which helpless loved ones once saw Eliza Spilman in distress. The story unfolded in dramatic detail, and I had authority for everything—well, except for one thing.

I was hunting that last link on July 6, 1951, when Mrs. Hoover and I entered the little town of Flora in Southeastern Illinois—population 5250. Knocking on the door of the Presbyterian parsonage, I asked hospitable Rev. F. D. McMartin if he could give me some information about a Rev. J. E. Spilman who wrote "Flow Gently Sweet Afton" and who, I understood, was once the pastor of his church.[31]

He had never heard of Spilman, but he kindly telephoned Arthur Holt, a church official who had the church's old records. Holt had never heard of Spilman either, but he invited me to go to his home where his wife would show me the records. Gracious Mrs. Holt was waiting for me. Neither had she heard, but soon we were scouring the old "Minutes of the Session of the Presbyterian Church of Flora, Clay County, Illinois." And sure enough, there in these more than a half-century old, handwritten minutes for April 2, 1893, we discovered that "Rev. Jonathan F. Spillman, D.D., was engaged

[30] The address is 348 West Second Street according to Mary L. Wilson who, in 1951, wrote me "all the older people are positive."

[31] At the time we were on a motor car vacation heading for Mexico City and Acapulco, and drove out of our way to Flora because, in the *Ministerial Directory of the Presbyterian Church, U. S., 1861-1941,* Flora was listed as the place of Spilman's last pastorate and death.

to supply the Pulpit on the Sabbath days when Rev. J. F. Flint would be absent at Odin or elsewhere, which was extended after Mr. Flint's departure."

But was this "Spillman" the "Spilman" who wrote "Flow Gently Sweet Afton?" The minutes did not say. At this anxious moment we found preserved in the old minute book, a printed program of the 85th anniversary celebration of this church. I perused it and beamed. Eureka! There, in a list of the church's pastors was "J. E. Spillman"; and after mentioning that he preached there until 1895 when physical infirmities compelled him to resign, it continued: "It is with pride that we can inform you that Rev. Spillman was the composer of the music to the beloved ballad, 'Flow Gently Sweet Afton.'" Yes, this was the right man, and I was near the end of the trail in the search for that last link.

I asked Mrs. Holt if there were any residents old enough to have known Spilman. Yes, there was—a Miss Grace Hundley. Mrs. Holt telephoned her. Miss Hundley had not only known Spilman, they had been near neighbors. That called for the big question—and Mrs. Holt asked it over the telephone—was this last link located in Flora? Yes, it was; and Miss Hundley told her where it was.

By now Mrs. Holt sensed that we were in search of something of historical significance. I did not have to ask her; she volunteered to guide me to it. We drove across town, entered a beautifully landscaped terrain, started hunting—and we found it!

There, in the heart of these United States, in Elmwood Cemetery, on the edge of this little community that did not know he was there, not only lost to Flora but lost to the world, we looked upon the grave of the man who among the world's countless billions had done something immortal—the man whose name is associated with Robert Burns and Martin Luther.

The humble shaft gave no inkling of what he had done, or that here lay buried a world figure. It simply said, "Jonathan E. Spilman, April 15, 1812. May 23, 1896. That they may rest from their labours, And their works do follow them."

Yes, the man of two rivers and two professions who attained fame with his hobby even before starting to work, died in Flora at the age of 84.[32]

We drove to the home of Miss Hundley on the west side of Flora. She still lived in the same house at # 333 W. North Ave., where she lived in the 1890's when Jonathan Spilman lived diagonally across the street and to the left at # 418. There the song writer spent his last years. In 1892, at the age of eighty and while preaching at Carmi, Illinois, he was, at his request, retired from active work because of his advancing years and because he wanted to be near relatives. He moved to Flora to be close to his daughter, Clara Lee Spilman Andrews (Mrs. George W.), the mother of Jeanne Andrews Anderson.[33]

He built the little cottage that still stood across from Miss Hundley, and became supply pastor of the Flora church. There he lived with his maiden daughter, Anna Louise, just four feet eleven inches tall, and affectionately known as "Aunt Tantie." The Andrews also lived diagonally across the street from Miss Hundley but a little to the right. So Miss Hundley's eagle eye guarded the short highway path from Jonathan Spilman's to the Andrews'.[34]

Fifty-five years had gone since Miss Hundley had seen Jonathan Spilman on that path. It had grown from a village street to a bustling transcontinental highway. Pointing to the Spilman cottage, she said: "Just as if it were yesterday, I can see him walking up the road from his house to the Andrews'. He was tall, handsome, kindly and slightly stooped, with long white hair and beard, but he looked like an aristocrat. He died at the Andrews' house. When he became sick, the Andrews brought him to their home so they could take

[32] His obituary; his tombstone; Wilson, *op. cit.*, p. 55.

[33] Interview with Miss Grace Hundley at her home; Spilman's obituary; Wilson, *op. cit.*, p. 56; information supplied by Jeanne Anderson. It was from Miss Hundley that I first learned that the songwriter's granddaughter, Jeanne Anderson, lived in nearby Xenia, Illinois; and I drove to Xenia to meet her. Another granddaughter of the songwriter is Lillian Spilman Howard (Mrs. F. C. Howard, Sr.), the daughter of the songwriter's son, Lewis Hopkins Spilman. She lives at 3617 Talahi Drive, S. W., Knoxville, Tennessee.

[34] See footnote 33.

care of him." Fire swallowed up the Andrews' house in 1948. On its historic site the Moose had built a building.[85]

Mrs. Holt was perplexed that Miss Hundley knew all this, and Flora did not.

Then Mrs. Holt and Miss Hundley took me to the old church building in which Jonathan Spilman had held his last pastorate. To make way for a new church building, it had been moved from its original site at the corner of Second and Locust Streets; and then stood on East Second Street. Neither sermon nor hymn had echoed therein for many years, for it had been devoted to something else—something colorful but definitely a part of the vanishing scene. Through its weather-beaten emaciation still beamed the attractive lines of an old, frame, New England meeting house. Inside all was chaos and clutter. Miss Hundley pointed out the places where once the choir sat and the pulpit stood. Here, where long ago Miss Hundley had heard the voice of Jonathan Spilman, now we heard the voices of the anvil and forge of Ray Winter's blacksmith shop.

I left Flora happy that I had found Jonathan Spilman, but puzzled that a world could lose such a man. Perhaps Illinois will make amends. Flora is on Route 50 connecting Washington, D. C., and San Francisco. Spilman's cottage is too. Just as it did for another adopted Kentucky son, Abraham Lincoln, perhaps Illinois will enshrine Jonathan Spilman's grave and home so that a neglectful world may come and pay its overdue homage.

[85] Interview with Miss Grace Hundley; information supplied by Jeanne Anderson.

THE EVENING STAR and DAILY NEWS
Washington, D. C., Monday, February 19, 1973

SONG FESTIVAL AT FORD'S

It Was Lincoln's Birthday

By BORIS WEINTRAUB
Star-News Staff Writer

Happy Lincoln's Birthday!

Yes, I know it's Washington's birthday, and that Lincoln's was a week ago. But the Folklore Society of Greater Washington and the National Park Service was a little late, folks, and waited until last night to present a program of songs in honor of the Great Emancipator. Appropriately enough, it was held in Ford's Theater, and remarkably enough, it was free.

The performers' names are familiar to anyone knowledgeable about the folk music scene in Washington for the past decade or so. None is a fulltime professional; a few have made records or make their way in life by working for organizations which specialize in folklore or folk music, such as the Library of Congress or the National Folk Festival Association.

This being the case, it is not fair to judge their performances in the way one judges professional musicians or singers. Suffice it to say that all were adequate for the task, and that the real star of the show was the program itself.

Folk Songs and Ballads of Abe Lincoln and the Civil War. With Gene Anderson, Bob Clayton, Hazel Dickens, Jonathan Eberhart, Joe Hickerson, Alan Jabbour, John Jackson, Reed Martin, Helen Schneyer and Andy Wallace. At Ford's Theater.

It was a program intelligently conceived and admirably executed. The point was to demonstrate "the oral tradition and popular sentiments surrounding the events at midpoint in our nation's history," and this evening did.

The 21 songs ranged from black gospel music with the usual subtle meanings which probably were unknown to the white slavemasters of the time, to a sea chantey which told of the brief life and battles of the blockade-running ship Alabama; from soldiers' versions of old favorites such as the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and the "Battle Cry of Freedom," to the crusty, feisty, totally unforgiving attitude of one former Confederate soldier, "The Unreconstructed Rebel."

The program also emphasized the variety of American folk traditions of the time. Even though much of the music had a mountain, or Appalachian, flavor to it, the performances — re-creations really demonstrated several styles of banjo picking, guitar-strumming and fiddling, and thus showed how diverse a people we really are.

Probably the high point of the evening was Hazel Dickens' a cappella rendition of a ballad called "Booth Killed Lincoln." It was a haunting evocation of the assassination, if a trifle inaccurate in its historic detail, and more than one eye in the recently restored theater moved involuntarily to the box where the President sat and then back to the stage onto which Booth leaped.

It is at such moments that folk music moves out of the history books and takes on a living, breathing meaning wich explains why it lives on in this age of the mass media and mass music. For such moments, it's worth all the trouble it takes to preserve it.

"D.C. STAR-NEWS"
2-19-73

June 30, 1976

Mr. Bert Sheldon
3315 Wisconsin Ave., N.W.
Apartment 302
Washington, D.C. 20016

Dear Mr. Sheldon:

Kenneth A. Bernard's Lincoln and the Music of the Civil War says even in the "Foreword":

> Abraham Lincoln was one of our most "unmusical" Presidents. He never studied music, never had any training in it, and knew nothing of its technical aspects; he could not play any instrument (except possibly the harmonica), could not read music, nor could he really sing.

"Forty Years Ago" is not listed in the index, though many other songs are. You are justifiably suspicious of these claims.

I believe our files are pretty well up to date, and we really cannot do much with slides here.

Yours truly,

Mark E. Neely, Jr.

MEN/jn

14 June 76

"
DEAR DOCTOR NEELY:
I AM NOT EITHER EXPERT NOR AN AUTHORITY
ON MISTER LINCOLN; HOWEVER,
ON P8 IN "AMERICAN HISTORY" DECEMBER 1975, ED
LINDOP CLAIMS LINCOLN LOVED TO SING & AND
THAT LINCOLN'S WOULD BOOM OUT THE LYRICS OF
ROLLICKING DITTIES! AH 'THAT' THE 'SONG' & HE LIKED MOST
WAS 'EARLY TEAR QPO' (SEE BOOK- I DOUBT THAT
POEM WAS & SET TO MUSIC. I WONDER & AND HE SAYS
LINDOP "LINCOLN LIKED TO PLAY TUNES ON THE
HARMONICA WHICH HE CALLED HIS LITTLE 'BUSSY BIRD'
I WONDER WHEN LINDOP GOT HER INFORMATION. DO YOU
WANT THIS ARTICLE? & HAS A FULL PAGE PIC OF HE
PLAYING THE HARMONICA I SUPPOSE OSTENDORF
WAS SURELY SEEN TO IT THAT LYLE HAS
THIS MATERIAL. DO YOU WANT THIS MATERIAL?

I KNOW THAT'S SEEN ON "HE HAD LINCOLN" PAGES 76-77 78-79-80
EXPRESSES PERFECTLY WHAT I HAVE ALWAYS THOUGHT
ABOUT LINCOLN'S DOING ANY SINGING AND I DOUBT
THAT HE PLAYED A HARMONICA ANY AFTER 1861 & I AM
NOT AWARE OF HER DOING VERY MUCH HARMONICA
PLAYING EVEN PRIOR TO THAT TIME, IT
ISN'T MENTIONED VERY MUCH IN MOST LINCOLN
BOOKS SO I LOOKED AT ONE OF THEM. TOO
OF COURSE I DEFINITELY GIVE MUCH MORE CREDENCE
TO THE HARMONICA'S STORY THAN I DO TO LINCOLN SINGING

14 June 96

Also; In American Heritage April 1966 Page 82 ll
it mentioned that Seward's black was a
member of Lincoln's Cabinet ?] See both §

the I read only 5 min which TO Episcopal ~~church~~ Cathedral
I have not yet, tuck, seen the new -- and
very ugly - Lincoln statue! However

I am very well acquainted with the
Kneeling ~~Statue~~ Statue, it's also in the Washing-
-ton Cathedral.

I had quite a struggle several times to
with the Curator at the Cathedral.
The Guides say that at Gettysburg L. got
off his horse ~~got down on his knees~~ in the weeds
and the knees and offered up a Prayer to
the Great Architect of the Universe. The only
Flaw in that Story; is, that 10000 People
Gathered There Didn't See this Happen.!
However! I couldn't Persuade Her to add & Now
Omit the allegation.

DO You-all (LNLF) Have any the data You want-and/or-need on the Lincoln Statues in and around DC?

They are: Corner - Fort Lincoln Cemetery. In the Episcopal ~~Ch~~-Catholic 2 Lincoln Statues & Formerly in Judiciary Sq

U Ram in US Capitol Rotd.

Head in Lincoln Park

Slobodkin - in Court Third, Interior Rotd.

In-Plaster - Bare Footed, Naked From waist up Made by a colored Fellow in L.A. (WPA); Inside! Recorder of Deeds Bldg.

By French, in the Lincoln Memorial

Do You want some slides-pics of the Kneeling Statue? Sorry! I do not Have Prints. Can You Have prints made From my slides You-LNLF Certainly may Have them, - With my Compliments - Ok

Bert

ELECTORATE

Hang in there, Mr. President.
Fight! Fight! Fight!
We are with you, Mr. President,
With all our might.
They may use you and abuse you,
Holler, "Quit, quit, quit,"
But you've heard all that before.
Just shake your fist and grit.

Though that advice was as successful as its rhythm, the tune was attempt to recapture the spirit of e early patriotic songs. "The early mpaign songs had a religious feel them," DeVincent says. "They owed more respect at a time uen we lived at a slower pace. Toy those songs would be consided 'square.' There's more satire in day's songs."

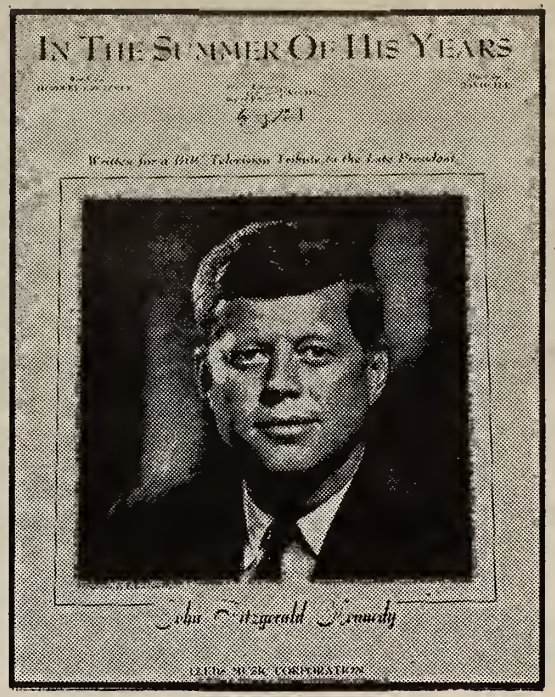
Even the packaging of the songs s changed. Sheet music covers ce sported carefully rendered awings of the politicians, some of em quite involved. They were med by elegant hand lettering and were often printed in brilliant colors. Today a quick photo and a scattering of standard type has replaced all that. The modern crank-'em-out approach to campaign songs may say something about the enthusiasm behind them.

But the songs keep on coming. Sometimes they're originals, like the Carter piece. Sometimes they're adaptations of standards, like FDR's "Row, Row, Row for Roosevelt." And sometimes they're direct swipes, like when Truman used Eubie Blake's "I'm Just Wild About Harry."

They may be an example of musical obsolesence, but campaign songs will always be here. No doubt someone's already writing tunes for this year's race. Let's see, what rhymes with "Reagan"?

Let's open the White House for Reagan
Cuz he's sure to get his leg in . . .

Hmmm. It might just be a hit.□



This 1963 tribute to John Kennedy was one of the few political songs to achieve any form of popularity. It was recorded by Connie Francis but was mostly lost amid the sea of radio rock. Ironically, it was first broadcast in England.

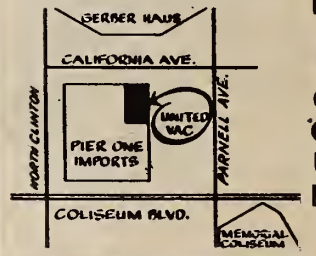
Keep your family together.

The holidoys ore a time when families ore just noturolly together. Why not keep yaur fomily together all year lang—in o pforessioal family portroit. Coll now for an oppointment, ond it will be ready in time for holiday giving.

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Lester S. Levy
2 Slade Avenue
PIKESVILLE, MARYLAND 21208

February 1, 1982

Ms. Alice Anne Kelso
P.O. Box 957
Fremont, Ohio 43420

Dear Ms. Kelso:

Replying to your letter of January 28, please be advised that all of my presidential material has been given to the Johns Hopkins University and is now in their Eisenhower Library.

I have forwarded your letter to Ms. Ann Gwyn of the Department of Special Collections at the library and asked her to communicate directly with you.

Sincerely yours,

Lester S. Levy

LSL:ew

ELECTORATE

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Fight! Fight! Fight!
We are with you, Mr. President,
With all our might.
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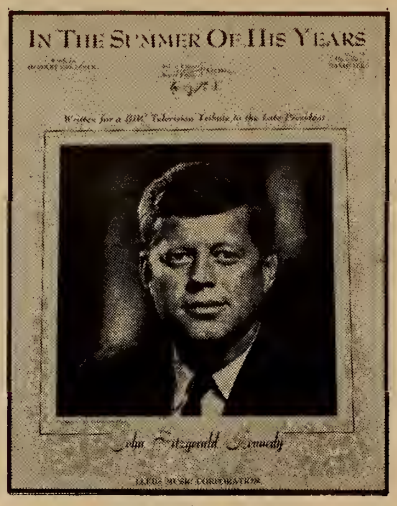
Let's open the White House for Reagan
Cuz he's sure to get his leg in . . .

Hmmm. It might just be a hit. □



Sam DeVincent rummages through his awesome sheet music collection.

PHOTOS BY JENNIFER JECKLIN



This 1963 tribute to John Kennedy was one of the few political songs to achieve any form of popularity. It was recorded by Connie Francis but was mostly lost amid the sea of radio rock. Ironically, it was first broadcast in England.

This 1909 Abraham Lincoln march celebrated the slain President's 100th birthday. It was one of a flurry of songs written in memory of the martyred statesman.



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February 1, 1982

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P.O. Box 957
Fremont, Ohio 43420

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Lester S. Levy

LSL:ew

Special Collections
THE MILTON S. EISENHOWER LIBRARY
THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND 21218

February 8,1982

Ms. Anne Kelso
P.O. Box 957
Fremont, Ohio 43420

Dear Ms. Kelso:

Mr. Lester Levy has passed your letter of request for a copy of "Inauguration Grand March" on to me, since the Levy Sheet Music Collection is now at the Milton S. Eisenhower Library of Johns Hopkins University.

We are pleased to supply you with a photocopy of this piece of music. Please find the invoice enclosed. If at any time you wish to publish this picture, you will need to request permission in writing from me, explaining the nature and content of your publication and who the publisher is.

Sincerely,

Ann S. Gwyn

Ann S. Gwyn
Special Collections

ASG/ggs

MOURNFUL SOUNDS



IN MEMORY OF

Abraham Lincoln.

ALICE ANNE KELSO – PIANIST

Side One

FUNERAL MARCH, dedicated to the memory of Abrehem Lincoln, by Brevet Mejor Generel J. G. BARNARD. Pleyed et Lincoln's obsequies on April 19, 1865, by the U. S. Marine Band, es the funerel procession moved from the White House to the Capitol.

WE MOURN OUR COUNTRY'S LOSS, mercle funerale (Op. 37) In memory of President Abrehem Lincoln, by AUGUSTUS BUECHEL. Composed end respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Abrehem Lincoln.

THE MARTYRED PATRIOT, grend funerel merch (Op. 473), by W. PORTER. Performed on the reception of President Abrehem Lincoln's remains in Philadelphie on April 22, 1865.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL MARCH, by W. E. M. PETTEE, es pleyed by Shepard's Cornet Bend of Providence, Rhode Island et the obsequies of Abrehem Lincoln.

Side Two

FUNERAL MARCH, dedicated to the memory of Abrehem Lincoln, The Mertyred President of the United Stetes of America, who died April 15th, 1865, in the 57th yeer of his age. The composer is MRS. E. A. PARKHURST.

LINCOLN'S FUNERAL MARCH, by CHARLES HESS. Performed by the City Bend et the obsequies in Indienepolis, Indiene on April 30, 1865.

LINCOLN'S FUNERAL MARCH, by E. C. DAVIS. Composed end dedicated to the memory of the pure end noble Petriot, Abrehem Lincoln, 16th President of the United Stetes. Pleyed during the funerel ceremonies in Springfield, Illinois, Mey 4, 1865.

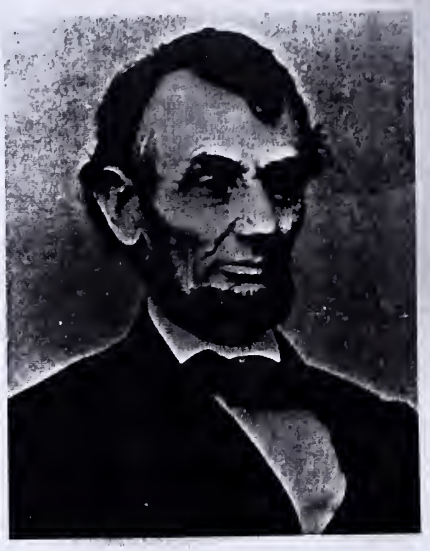
MOURNFUL SOUNDS, grend heroic funerel merch in memory of Abrehem Lincoln, by LOUIS PIKET.

Album jecket concept design, interpretations end compilation of marches by ALICE ANNE KELSO.

Grephics by M. L. ADVERTISING, Tiffin, Ohio

Ⓟ *Copyright 1980 by Alice Anne Kelso, Fremont, Ohio*

lps 3101



Abraham Lincoln could not reod music, play an instrument, or carry a tune. Nevertheless, he enjoyed musical performances of all kinds, from patriotic tunes to opera. The piece of music Lincoln most often heard--in common with most Presidents of the United States--was "Hail to the Chief". He liked the "Marseillaise" and the "Soldiers' Chorus" from "Faust", but in music, as in poetry, his personal preference was for meloncholy songs about the possage of time.

In life, Lincoln inspired the composition of some music, most notably, "We are Coming, Father Abrahom." But it is on unhappy foct that his deoth prompted a far greater outpouring of musical creation than his life ever did. Most surviving nineteenth-century sheet music which contains Lincoln's name in the title wos written to commemorate Lincoln's death. His remarkoble funeral services, extending over sixteen doys and 1,500 miles as a train carried his body from Washington to Springfield, brought from the nation on unequalled outpouring of grief. One expression of that profound sentiment was the funeral dirge, ond numerous composers produced them for memorial services in particular towns along the route of the President's funeral train, for other ceremonies, or (there is no denying it) for sale.

In my work in the Lincoln field, I very early became aware of Lincoln sheet music. Collectors seek it most for the lithographed covers on the music. I confess that it never occurred to me to wonder whot it sounded like. When Alice Kelso suggested these recreotions, I suddenly saw what a wonderful idea she had hit upon. In our quest for ever more outhentic historical environments--from Williomsburg ond Old Sturbridge Villoge to Lincoln's home and tomb--we have too often ignored recreoting on important part of the atmosphere of the age, the sound of its music.

This album supplies a unique avenue to appreciating the grief of a nation at the death of its martyr to freedom.

Mark E. Neely, Jr., Director
The Louis A. Warren Lincoln Library end Museum
Fort Weyne, Indiene

Alice Anne Kelso

In the past twenty-five years of piano teaching, I havehod some interesting students with provocotive motives to study music. A unique experience hos been the opportunity to teach Alice Kelso. What an experience! I taught piono--she tought me about Lincoln.

The nation mourned the death of Abraham Lincoln. It wos only natural thot these "Mournful Sounds" should be translated into musical settings. The music was rendered by bonds, choirs, organists and pianists at the obsequies held in memory of the late President. The musical numbers were performed in little villages, towns ond the great cities of the United States. This music was then filed away in archives and forgotten by subsequent generotions.

It was the ucquisition of sheet music written for Abroham Lincoln which prompted Miss Kelso to produce a record of funeral music in his honor.

Journey back in your mind to the time of Abraham Lincoln's death. Listen to Miss Kelso perform these "Mournful Sounds" of a nation dedicated in memory of its fallen hero.

Kenneth Hahn
Hahn's School of Music
Fremont, Ohio



RECORDED BY

THE *Coronet* RECORDING CO.

4971 NORTH HIGH STREET COLUMBUS, OHIO

4-4-80

To Mark Neely —
Happy Listening.
Alice Kelso

Photograph of Lincoln — courtesy of THE LOUIS A. WARREN LINCOLN LIBRARY AND MUSEUM, Fort Wayne, Indiana

s. Dickman was a house-

viving are her son, Paul of ont; daughters, Margaret and Marie Soper, both of ont; sisters, Florence Hoff- and Marcella Post, both of ont; brother, Walter Wid- of Fremont; and 11 grand- en.

ceding her in death were rothers, Isadore, Ambrose, n, and Leonard Widman he Rev. Seraphine Widman,

was a member of St. Jo- Catholic Church, Confrater- of the Blessed Sacrament, he Rosary Society.

vices will be 10:30 a.m. ay in St. Joseph Catholic h, with burial to follow in seph Cemetery.

tation will be 2 to 4 p.m. to 9 p.m. today with a service 8:30 p.m. in the r-Ochs-Koch Funeral Home. morials may be made to the h, the St. Joseph Central lic High School or the do- choice.

y Toeppe

6, 1900-June 22, 1991

y "Mayme" Toeppe, 90, rly of 214 N. Wood St., died day in the St. Francis , Tiffin.

n in Millersville, Ohio, to and Mary (Nieset) Dudley, narried Lawrence J. Toeppe b. 10, 1920. He died on Nov. 90.

viving are sons, Donald of oe, Mich., Victor of Hous- Texas, Kenneth of Spring Fla., and Raymond of Fre- ; daughters, Sister Lau- O.S.F. of Monroeville, and Dorothy Ameling, Ju- Wright, Angela Klisz and a Wolfe, all of Fremont; 33 children; and 41 great- children.

ceding her in death are her Lawrence Jr.; one grand- one great-granddaughter; ; and one sister.

of St. Jo- Church, Third Confrater- Sacrament, Society,

vices will in the St. raville.

etery, Oak Harbor.

Visitation will be from 2-3 p.m. Tuesday at Robinson-Henn-Brossia Funeral Home, Oak Harbor.

Memorials may be made to the American Cancer Society.

Alice Kelso

June 26, 1940-June 19, 1991

Alice Kelso, 50, of 1506 Pontiac Ave., Fremont, died Wednesday morning in Parkview Hospital, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

She was born in Oakley, Mich. to George and Mary (Miklovich) Kelso.

Mrs. Kelso was employed by the Singer Controls Company and Eaton Corp. She was an avid Abraham Lincoln historian.

Surviving are her mother, residing in Ohio; brothers, Tom of Chesaning, Mich. and George of Ohio; sister, Margaret Kuhn of Iowa; four aunts; several nieces, nephews and cousins.

Preceding her in death was her father.

Services will be 11 a.m. today in the St. Michael's Catholic Church, Oakley, Mich., with burial to follow in St. Michael's Cemetery, Oakley, Mich. The Rev. Earl Loeffler, of Sacred Heart Catholic Church in Fremont, will officiate.

Arrangements handled by the Misiuk Funeral Home, 202 S. Front St., Chesaning, Mich. 48616.

Anna Blaylock

July 7, 1905-June 22, 1991

Anna B. Blaylock, 85, formerly of St. Joseph St., Fremont died Saturday evening in the St. Francis Rehabilitation Center and Nursing Home, Green Springs.

Born in Pikeville, Tenn., to Sidney and Leona (Hamilton) Ferguson, she married Casey Blaylock. He died in 1946.

Mrs. Blaylock worked for 27 years at the General Motors Hydra-Matic Co., Toledo, retiring in 1970.

Surviving are her son, James F. of Port Charlotte, Fla.; sisters, Pauline Franklin of Florida, and Carrie Hamilton and Mary Clark, both of Fremont; and one grandson.

Preceding her in death are her husband and brothers, William and F Ferguson.

all of Fremont.

Preceding him in death are his father; and grandparents, Raymond and Lucille Leibold and Ransom and Sophia Ratliff.

Services are pending in the J. W. Call Funeral Home, in Pikeville, Ky.

Hospital

Admitted Saturday

Jessie Smith, W. State St.

Discharged Saturday

Donnis Wareham, Bidwell Ave.; Dorothy McGee, W. State St.; Maria Rodriguez, Ohio Ave.; Kaysie, 3 months, daughter of Sheri and Randy Barnhouse, Elmore.

Admitted Sunday

Charles Schauder, Birchard Ave.

Discharged Sunday

Deborah Gardner and daughter, Morrison St.; Kathi Michaels, N. Brush St.

Births

News Messenger 6/24/1991

Memorial

June 22 — Marjorie and Howard Riley, 216 N. Fifth St., a daughter at 2:18 p.m.

June 23 — Laura and Jose Dominguez, 2460 C.R. 241, a daughter at 1:05 p.m.

Other Hospital

June 23 — Patricia and Matthew Herman of 13716 Powell Road, Portage, Ohio 43451, a 6-pound, 12-ounce daughter, Emily Jane, at 4:08 p.m. in St. Charles Hospital, Oregon, Ohio. She was 19-inches long. Local grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. Robert Herman of Gibsonburg.

Meeting changed

The Daughters of Isabella organization has changed the day for the making of bandages at the St. Bernardine Home. It will be 1 p.m. Wednesday, June 25.

The News-Messenger

USPS 210-020

MON., JUNE 24, 1991

VOL. 136 — NO. 72

The Fremont News Founded 1887

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Associated Press

LAKESIDE — major religious b for health care fo and condemned p state general as to the poor.

The East Ohio the United Met kept alive its lo backing programs downtrodden in th Friday of its fi conference at th Port Clinton.

During the deb cial-welfare issue earlier discussio many of the so gates, half clergy traced their con poor to their founder, Englis Wesley.

The delegates 205,000 members ence to recognize with AIDS, rega they contracted t "persons of sacre



sheet music prices - useful -

CIVIL WAR BOOKS

A Priced Checklist

Second Edition

1983

by

Tom Broadfoot and Marianne Pair

Roger Hunt

Union Regimentals

1983

Broadfoot Publishing Co.

Wendell, N. C.

3219-1 (H 1255) TUCKER, Henry St. George. The Southern Cross . . . Selma, Ala., 1861. $150.

3224 WHITAKER, D. K. Maryland in chains . . . Richmond Examiner, May 14, 1861. $150.

PLAY-BILLS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

3239 Grand Military ball. The pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited at a ball to be given at Camp Carondelet, near Manassas, Tuesday evening, February 25th, 1862. $250.

SONGSTERS AND MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

3254 The bold soldier boy's song book. Richmond, n.d. $125.

3256 BRANSON, Thomas A. The Jack Morgan songster. Raleigh, N. C., 1864. $360.

3265 The Punch songster . . . Richmond, 1864. $150.

3271 Songs of the South. Richmond, 1864. $150.

BOOKS AND PUBLISHING

3279 HARDEE, William Joseph, and GOETZEL, S. H. Memorial to the Congress of the Confederate States. Mobile, 1863. $60.

SHEET MUSIC

3292 Ah! I have sigh'd to rest me . . . Macon, Ga., 186-. $50.

3298 "All quiet along the Potomac to-night" . . . Columbia, 1863. $50.

3301 Angel of dreams . . . Augusta, Ga., c. 1864. $50.

3302 Annie Lawrie [*sic*] . . . Augusta, Ga., 186-. $50.

3304 Annie of the vale . . . Richmond and Columbia, 186-. $50.

3310 Aura Lea . . . Richmond, c. 1864. $50.

3314 Battery Wagner . . . Columbia, 1863. $75.

3320 The Beauregard Manassas quick-step. Augusta, c. 1861. $50.

3325 "Bessie Bell" Waltz . . . Richmond, c. 1864. $50.

3331 The bonnie blue flag . . . Augusta, Ga., c. 1861. $50.

3338 The bonnie blue flag . . . New Orleans, c. 1861. $50.

3339 The bonnie blue flag . . . New Orleans, c. 1861. $50.

3341 . . . Bonny Eloise, the belle of the Mohawk vale. Augusta, 1861. $50.

3346 Bonny Jean . . . Augusta and New Orleans, 186-. $50.

3348 Boys keep your powder dry . . . Augusta, c. 1863. $50.

3349 Brave boys are they . . . Augusta, c. 1864. $50.

3351 Brightest eyes, Macon, 186-. $50.

3352 The brightest eyes galop . . . Augusta, c. 1861. $50.

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3357 "Call me not back from the echoless shore . . . Columbia, 186-. $50.

3358 Camp-fire song . . . Augusta, c. 1864. $50.

3368 Carrie Bell . . . Augusta, c. 1861. $50.

3372 The child of the regiment . . . Macon, 186-. $50.

3375 Christmas and New Year musical souvenir; "Fairies have broken their wands" . . . Richmond and Columbia, c. 1863. $125.

3383 Come where my love lies dreaming . . . Macon and Savannah, c. 1863. $50.

3391 Confederate's grand march. New Orleans, c. 1861. $50.

3396 Confederates' polka march . . . Augusta, c. 1864. $50.

3407 Darling little blue-eyed Nell . . . New Orleans, 186-. $50.

3412 Dearest mother I've come home to die . . . Richmond and Columbia, 186-. $50.

3413 The dearest spot of earth to me is home . . . Augusta and New Orleans, 186-. $50.

3431 Dreams . . . Macon, 186-. $50.

3432 The drummer boy of Shiloh . . . Augusta, c. 1863. $60.

3438 Empire State grand march . . . Macon & Savannah, c. 1864. $50.

3439 Ever of thee . . . Augusta, 186-. $50.

3449 Fairy-belle . . . New Orleans, 186-. $50.

3452 "Farewell enchanting hope;" . . . Richmond and Columbia, c. 1863. $50.

3457 First love waltz . . . Richmond, c. 1864. $50.

3468 Freedom's muster-drum . . . Macon and Savannah, c. 1864. $50.

3476 Gen. Beauregard's grand march . . . Macon, 186-. $50.

3489 Gen'l Morgan's grand march . . . Richmond and Columbia, c. 1864. $50.

3492 Gen'l Robert E. Lee's quick march . . . New Orleans and Augusta, c. 1863. $75.

3499 . . . God and our rights . . . New Orleans, 1861. $50.

3502 God save the South! . . . Augusta, 186-. $75.

3510 God save the Southern land . . . Richmond, c. 1864. $75.

3511 God will defend the right . . . Richmond and Augusta, c. 1861. $50.

3515 The good bye at the door . . . Augusta, 186-. $50.

3517 "Good bye sweetheart, good bye" . . . Richmond and Columbia, c. 1863. $50.

3521 Harp of the South awake! . . . Richmond and Columbia, c. 1863. $50.

3525 "Her bright smile haunts me still;" . . . Macon, 186-. $50.

3528 "Her bright smile haunts me still" . . . Richmond, c. 1864. $50.

3532 Home sweet home . . . Macon & Savannah, 186-. $50.

3533 How can I leave thee. Augusta, 186-. $50.

3541 I cannot forget thee . . . Augusta, c. 1864. $50.

3543 I dream of thee . . . Augusta, c. 1864. $75.

3546 . . . I remember the hour when sadly we parted . . . Mobile, c. 1864. $50.
3547 I see her still in my dreams . . . Augusta, 186-. $50.
3548 I see her still in my dreams . . . Macon, 186-. $50.
3552 I will meet thee . . . Macon & Savannah, c. 1863. $50.
3557 I would like to change my name . . . New Orleans, c. 1862. $50.
3559 I'd be a star . . . Augusta and New Orleans, 186-. $50.
3571 Improvisation on the Bonnie blue flag . . . New Orleans, c. 1862. $50.
3582 Juanita . . . Augusta, c. 186-. $50.
3583 Juanita . . . Macon, 186-. $50.
3588 Kathleen Mavourneen . . . Richmond. Columbia, 186-. $50.
3590 Keep me awake, mother . . . Columbia, c. 1863. $50.
3591 Keep me awake, mother . . . Macon, c. 1863. $50.
3592 Kentucky, once so proud and free . . . Macon, 1863. $100.
3594 Kiss me before I die mother . . . Augusta, 186-. $50.
3600 Let me kiss him for his mother . . . Augusta, 186-. $50.
3601 Let me kiss him for his mother . . . Macon, 186-. $50.
3609 Lorena . . . Augusta, 186-. $50.
3621 Love me! . . . Richmond, 186-. $50.
3627 The maiden's prayer. Macon, 186-. $50.
3628 The maiden's prayer. Macon & Savannah, 186-. $50.
3634 The March of the Southern men. Richmond and Columbia, c. 1863. $50.
3638 Mary of Argyle . . . Augusta, 186-. $50.
3641 Maryland! my Maryland! . . . Augusta and New Orleans, c. 1862. $75.
3642 Maryland! my Maryland! . . . Augusta and New Orleans, c. 1862. $75.
3644 Maryland! my Maryland! . . . New Orleans, c. 1862. $75.
3645 Maryland! my Maryland! . . . New Orleans, c. 1862. $75.
3658 The mocking bird quickstep . . . Richmond, c. 1864. $50.
3659 Mollie's dream waltz. Augusta, 186-. $50.
3666 Mother, is the battle over [?] . . . Columbia, c. 1863. $50.
3669 Mother, oh! sing me to rest . . . Richmond and Columbia, 186-. $50.
3670 Mother would comfort me! . . . Augusta. 186-. $50.
3671 The murmur of the shell . . . Richmond, c. 1864. $50.
3676 My wife and child . . . Richmond and Columbia, c. 1863. $50.
3681 Never surrender quick step . . . Augusta, c. 1863. $75.
3686 No one to love; Macon and Savannah, 186-. $50.
3687 "No one to love;" . . . Richmond and Columbia, 186-. $50.

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3693 Not for gold or precious stones. Macon and Savannah, 186-. $50.

3703 The officer's funeral . . . Macon, 186-. $50.

3707 "Oh, whisper what thou feelest!" . . . Macon and Savannah, c. 1864. $50.

3710 Old Dominion march . . . Richmond, c. 1863. $50.

3712 On guard; . . . Richmond and Columbia, c. 1864. $50.

3713 On the mountain's airy summit; Macon, 186-. $50.

3737 Patty mazurka; . . . Danville, [Va.] and Richmond, c. 1863. $50.

3738 Paul Vane . . . Augusta, 186-. $50.

3739 Paul Vane . . . Macon 186-. $50.

3753 Pray, maiden, pray! . . . Richmond, c. 1864. $50.

3757 The prisoner's lament. Augusta, c. 1863. $50.

3760 Rest, darling, rest . . . Augusta, c. 1864. $50.

3773 Rochester schottish . . . Macon and Savannah, 186-. $50.

3779 Rock me to sleep, mother . . . Columbia, 1862. $50.

3781 Rock me to sleep, mother . . . Macon, 186-. $50.

3793 "See at your feet a suppliant one;" . . . Richmond and Columbia, 186-. $50.

3816 The soldier's suit of grey; . . . Augusta, c. 1864. $75.

3819 "Something to love me;" . . . Richmond and Columbia, 186-. $50.

3829 The Southern cross; Richmond, and Columbia, c. 1863. $75.

3832 The Southern Marseillaise; . . . Augusta, c. 1862. $50.

3839 The Southern soldier boy; . . . Richmond and Columbia, c. 1863. $50.

3850 Spring time polka. Richmond, c. 1864. $50.

3851 The standard bearer . . . Richmond, c. 1864. $50.

3856 The stars of our banner . . . Augusta, c. 1861. $50.

3863 Stonewall Jackson's grand march. Macon, c. 1863? $75.

3864 Stonewall Jackson's grand march. Macon and Savannah, c. 1863. $75.

3867 Stonewall Jackson's grand march. New Orleans and Augusta, c. 1863. $75.

3873 The Switzer's farewell; . . . Augusta, 186-. $50.

3878 Take me home . . . Macon and Savannah, c. 1864. $50.

3882 Then you'll remember me . . . Macon, 186-. $50.

3888 There's life in the old land yet . . . Augusta, 186-. $50.

3893 They said my love would change with time . . . Macon and Savannah, 186-. $50.

3898 Three cheers for our Jack Morgan! . . . Augusta, 186-. $50.

3909 The unknown dead . . . Macon and Savannah, c. 1863. $50.

3910 Up with the flag . . . Richmond and Columbia, c. 1863. $50.

3914 The vale of rest. Macon, 186-. $50.

3917 Violetta (or, I'm thinking of a flower) . . . Augusta, c. 1862. $50.

3922 Virginian Marseillaise . . . Richmond and Columbia, c. 1863. $75.

3924 The volunteer. New Orleans, c. 1861. $75.

3925 The volunteer . . . Augusta and New Orleans, c. 1861. $50.

3927 The volunteer . . . Augusta, 1864. $50.

3930 The volunteer . . . New Orleans, c. 1861. $50.

3933 Wait till the war, love, is over . . . Augusta, c. 1864. $50.

3934 Wait till the war, love, is over . . . Richmond, c. 1864. $50.

3942 Washington Artillery polka march . . . Augusta, c. 1864. $75.

3944 We conquer or die. Macon, c. 1861. $75.

3945 We conquer, or die! . . . Macon, c. 1861. $50.

3947 "We have parted." Richmond, and Columbia, c. 1863. $50.

3948 We may be happy yet . . . Augusta, 186-. $50.

3954 When I saw sweet Nellie home . . . Macon and Savannah, 186-. $50.

3956 When the boys come home! . . . Augusta, 186-. $50.

3961 When this cruel war is over . . . Richmond and Columbia. 186-. $50.

3962 When this cruel war is over . . . Richmond and Columbia, c. 1864. $50.

3967 Who will care for mother now . . . Richmond and Columbia, c. 1863. $50.

3968 Who will care for mother now . . . Richmond, c. 1864. $50.

3972 Why no one to love? . . . Richmond and Columbia, 186-. $50.

3983 The young volunteer: . . . Macon and Savannah, c. 1863. $50.

EDUCATION AND EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

3984 Address to the people of North Carolina. Raleigh? 1861? $100.

4006 NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY, *Chapel Hill* Catalogue of the trustees, faculty and students of the University of North Carolina, 1861-'62. Raleigh, 1862. $40.

4013 SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE Catalogue of the trustees, faculty and students, of the South Carolina College, January, MDCCCLXI. Columbia, S. C., 1861. $40.

4015 South Carolina Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, and the Blind. Fourteenth annual report, 1862. Columbia, 1862. $40.

4019 Virginia Military Institute. Register of the officers and cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Virginia, July 1863. Richmond, 1863. $250.

4022 VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY, *Charlottesville* University of Virginia. List of the distinguished, proficients & graduates, session 1860-61 . . . Charlottesville, 1861 *Broadside*. $300.

4025 **WILEY**, Calvin Henderson. Circular, to the authorities and People of North Carolina. Greensboro, N. C., 1863. $150.

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Music

COPLAND

Portion of an article appearing in the Sunday New York Times on Aaron Copland 9/9/84

LINCOLN PORTRAIT

Early in World War II, Americans on the home front were gathering their resources. I wrote, offering my services, to Archibald MacLeish, Chief Librarian of Congress, who was serving as assistant director of the Office of War Information. He referred me to Harold Spivacke, chief of the Music Division, who was also music chairman for the Army and Navy. But Spivacke responded, "I really cannot advise you about the possibility of getting into the Army at the present moment. ..." Therefore, I was delighted to receive a letter from André Kostelanetz suggesting I compose a patriotic work — a musical portrait of a great American. He put teeth into the proposal by offering to commission such a piece and to play it extensively.

André wrote: "Next summer I am conducting a number of concerts with major symphony orchestras. The first part of each program will consist of standard symphonic repertoire, and the second part of the program will be devoted entirely to three new works by American composers. These three works have a correlated idea in that they are to represent a musical portrait gallery of great Americans. ... Some of the personalities which occur to me are George Washington, Paul Reve Walt Whitman, Robert Fulton, Henr Ford, Babe Ruth. ... In addition to aj proaching you on this matter, I am writing to Virgil Thomson and Jerome Kern."

My first choice was Whitman, but when Kern chose Mark Twain, André requested that I pick a statesman rather than another literary figure. Lincoln was a favorite during the war years. Furthermore, I recalled that my old teacher Rubin Goldmark had composed an orchestral threnody in 1918, "Requiem Suggested by Lincoln's Gettysburg Address."

Lincoln seemed inevitable. When Virgil and I discussed our choices, he amiably (and wisely) pointed out that no composer could hope to match in musical terms the stature of so eminent a figure as Abraham Lincoln. Virgil, who had been making musical portraits of famous people for years, chose two living subjects: Fiorello LaGuardia and Dorothy Thompson. I had no great love for musical portraiture, and I was skeptical about expressing patriotism in music; it is difficult to achieve without becoming maudlin or bombastic, or both. I was hoping to avoid these pitfalls by using Lincoln's own words. After reading through his speeches and writings, I was able to choose a few excerpts that were particularly apposite to America's situation in 1942. I avoided the temptation to quote only well-known passages, permitting myself the luxury of only one from a world-famous speech. The order and arrangement of selections are my own. The first sketches of "Lincoln Portrait" were ready in February 1942, and the entire work completed by mid-April, the orchestration following a few weeks later. The musical material is original, with the exception of two songs: Foster's popular "Camptown Races" and a ballad first published in 1840 under the title "The Pesky Sarpent," but better known as "Springfield Mountain." In neither case is the treatment literal; the tunes are used freely, as in "Billy the Kid."

"Lincoln Portrait" is a 13-minute work for speaker and full orchestra, divided roughly into three sections. In the opening, I hoped to suggest something of the mysterious sense of fatality that surrounds Lincoln's personality, and near the end of the first section, something of his gentleness and simplicity of spirit. I was after the most universal aspects of Lincoln's character, not physical resemblance. The challenge was to compose something simple, yet interesting enough to fit Lincoln — I kept finding myself back at the C-major triad.

The first section opens with a somber sound of violins and violas playing a dotted figure that turns into a melodic phrase by the eighth bar; the second subject is a transformed version of "Springfield Mountain." This section ends with a trumpet solo, leading without pause into an unexpected allegro for full orchestra. The second section is an attempt to sketch in the background of the colorful times in which Lincoln lived. Sleigh bells suggest a horse and carriage of 19th-century New England, and the lively tune that sounds like a folk song is derived in part from "Camptown Races." In the conclusion, my purpose was to draw a simple but impressive frame around the words of Lincoln himself — in my opinion, among the best this nation has ever heard to express patriotism and humanity. The quotations from Lincoln's writings and speeches are bound together by narrative passages, simple enough to mirror the dignity of Lincoln's words. For example, "That is what he said, that is what Lincoln said." And, "He was born in Kentucky, raised in Indiana, and lived in Illinois. And this is what he said. ..." The background music in the final section, while thematically related to the orchestral introduction, is more modest and unobtrusive, so as not to intrude on the narration. But after Lincoln's final "... shall not perish from this earth," the orchestra blazes out in triple forte with a strong and positive C-major statement of the first theme.

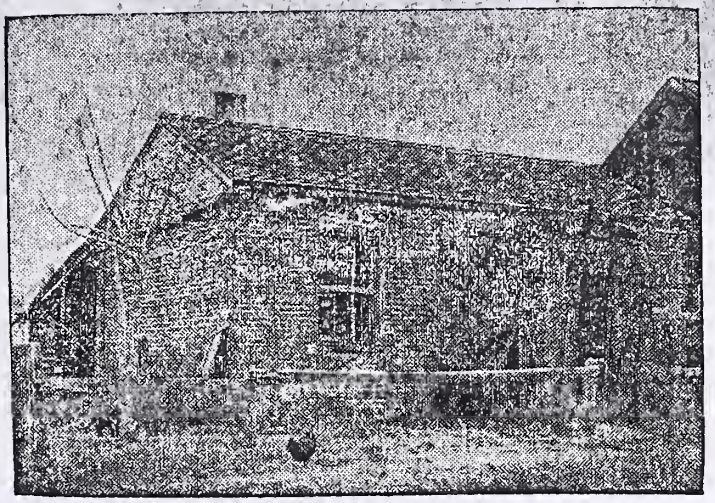
André Kostelanetz conducted the piece in several cities. Audiences seemed to be moved, and critics were kind. "Kosty" had a noncommercial recording made in Toronto with a speaker whose British accent sounded odd for Lincoln. I wrote to Ben Britten on June 16, 1942: "Reports say that audiences get all excited by it. Moral: You can't go wrong with the Gettysburg Address to end a piece. (Why not try Magna Carta?) I hope to hear a live performance in July." In Washington, the Fourth of July concert of 1942 featured "Lincoln Portrait" and was given on a barge in the Potomac with the Lincoln Memorial in the background. Carl Sandburg agreed to narrate. When it was over and there was no applause at all, Carl said to André, "We were a flop." But André soon realized the audience had been moved beyond applause, and he reminded Sandburg that Lincoln himself had heard no applause after delivering his Gettysburg Address. When the concert was repeated in Washington on July 15, I was in the audience for my first "live" hearing of "Lincoln Portrait." As André mounted the open-air podium not 500 feet from the Lincoln Memorial, he recognized Eleanor Roosevelt, senators, representatives and members of the Cabinet in the audience. It was seven months after Pearl Harbor; the country was in grave danger. After the concert, André told me that he felt Lincoln's words "with a terrible new clarity," and we both knew that the audience felt it also.

A not-so-happy occasion in the history of "Lincoln Portrait" was "the Busbey incident." This refers to the banning of my piece for performance at the Eisenhower inauguration. It was scheduled for the inaugural concert at Constitution Hall in January 1953, but Representative Fred E. Busbey, Republican of Illinois, objected on the grounds that I had allegedly been associated with Communist front groups. Strange as it seems today that such a work could come under suspicion, during the McCarthy period these allegations were not unusual. Busbey said later: "There are many patriotic composers available without the long record of questionable affiliations of Copland. The Republican Party would have been ridiculed from one end of the United States to the other if Copland's music had been played at the inaugural of a President elected to fight Communism, among other things."

The League of Composers fired off a telegram: "No American composer, living or dead, has done more for American music and the growth of the reputation of American culture throughout the civilized world than Aaron Copland. To bar from the inaugural concert his music, and especially music about Abraham Lincoln, will be the worst kind of blunder and will hold us up as a nation to universal ridicule." But the inaugural committee stood by its decision.

When Richard Nixon was Vice President, he attended a concert of my music and, during intermission, expressed enthusiasm for "Lincoln" to Ruth Hume, wife of the well-known critic Paul Hume. He said he had once been asked to narrate it, but hadn't wanted to appear to be aping Lincoln. Nixon explained that he was sorry he hadn't ever heard the piece earlier. Ruth Hume responded, referring to the Busbey incident, "Well, you might have, except for a change of plans." Nixon quickly changed the subject. A decade or so later, the United States Information Agency chose to distribute "Lincoln Portrait" with the narration translated into Arabic, Bengali, Burmese, Cambodian, Chinese, Greek, Hindu, Hungarian, Indonesian, Latvian, Lithuanian, Polish, Portuguese, Spanish, Turkish, Ukrainian, Urdu and Vietnamese. Times change. ■

BOYHOOD HOME OF THE AUTHOR OF "MARCHING THRO' GEORGIA," QUINCY, ILL.



EARLY HOME OF HENRY C. WORK AT QUINCY, ILL.

SPECIAL CORRESPOND'CE OF THE GLOBE-DEMOCRAT

QUINCY, ILL., February 1.—On an unfrequented street in the eastern part of this city stands an old, dilapidated one-story brick building, which plainly shows the effects of passing time in its crumbling walls and disjointed connections. Yet in this humble dwelling there arose from obscurity a light which, figuratively speaking, radiated not only all over this country, but sent its cheering effects beyond the borders of both oceans.

In the very early days of Quincy, on a spot where now stands one of its best public schools, there was an institution known as the Christian mission, at which children were taught the elements of Christian character and especial attention and encouragement were given to students who were preparing for the sacred ministry. In the small dwelling referred to, which was close to the mission, in about the year 1842, Alanson Work lived with his family, who came here from the state of Connecticut. There were then three children in the family and the location was chosen in order to give them the benefits of the wholesome teachings of the mission. Mr. Work was an earnest abolitionist and soon took up the initiative in his own way of war against slavery. Quincy was a favorable location for his choice. He became one of the agents of the Underground Railway between Missouri and Illinois, and enlisted the assistance of many coworkers who were instrumental in bringing many of the colored men from the slave states to that of the free.

He was very watchful and careful in the best interests of those whom he had liberated, seeing that they were provided with food and clothes and shelter, and from time to time he would spirit them away to some safe northern or eastern refuge. His work along this direction was quite successful until the officers of law found a favorable opportunity for causing his arrest, and upon conviction of breaking the laws of the state of Missouri he was sentenced to twelve years' confinement in its state penitentiary.

Two students of the institute, named Burr and Thompson, were sentenced at the same time to similar terms. Taking away the head and support of the small family caused it to be left in very destitute circumstances. Mrs. Work was a brave woman and took up the battle of life with a determined spirit in providing for herself and children. She made a comfortable income by washing for the students and baking bread from the members of the faculty and her neighbors.

The affliction of having the father confined in prison bore heavily upon the once happy family circle, and one of the children died during his confinement, the death of whom was caused, it is said, by a broken heart. Finally, after four years of imprisonment, through the efforts and entreaties of the family, Work was given a conditional pardon, it being that he would leave this part of the country forever.

Burr and Thompson, who were confined in the prison with him, were released one [illegible]

gathered his little family and his scanty household goods and went to his home in Connecticut. When the family came to Quincy one of the boys, Henry C. Work, was about 9 years of age, and when he went away was a well-developed lad of about 10. Cradled as he was and his young life being developed under the pressure of suffering and persecution on account of opposition to slavery, it should seem that it was no marvel that the fires of freedom were lighted within him, and later in life shone forth in the most attractive manner. When he went from Quincy he carried with him the effects of all the bitter lessons he had learned and experienced, and he turned his strong tide of thought in a direction to bring benefits to those who were still in bondage.

Burst Into Song.

Having natural inspiration and ability as a musician, he wrote many of the popular songs which found an echo all through the northland and which are now universally recognized among the best gems of song that are universal. There is a story extant that some time before the war an old darky named Nicodemus died, who was anxious to see the brighter dawn of freedom. It is said that at his request he was buried in the trunk of an old hollow tree, and that he asked to be awakened when the fetters of slavery should be broken. This was an inspiration for a song written by Work, "Wake, Nicodemus!" Among other songs written by H. C. Work are "Babylon Is Fallen," "Grandfather's Clock," "The Kingdom Am a Coming and the Year of Jubilo." He made a record of writing seventy-nine songs which attained a great degree of popularity.

But the song which brought him into lasting fame and stirred the whole country, and which is yet sung with much zeal at all gatherings of soldiers, is the well-known "Marching Through Georgia." The inspiration for the song was given on the occasion of Sherman's march to the sea, and it is said that the tune was suggested by an old plantation melody, well-known to the colored people of the south. The song was given to the public in March, 1865, and it would hardly seem to be possible that wherever the stars and stripes float there could be found a man, woman or child who had not been stirred by its music.

As is well-known, Mr. Work became associated with the firm of Root & Cady and for many years posed as one of the most popular song writers, accumulating substantial wealth. Unfortunate investments, however, swept away all of his savings, and in 1884 he died at Hartford, Conn., a poor man.

The old house which gave him shelter and a home in his boyhood days, though still standing, is fast crumbling away, and with the passing of a few years it is not probable that a brick or a stone will be left to mark the spot upon which so much was originated for leading parts in the great theater of action.

For the past few years it has formed a home for some poor colored people, and these [illegible] where so much was planned and sent forth with many benefits to the col[illegible]

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud.

POEM BY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

LATE PRESIDENT OF U.S.

Music by

GEO. C. PEARSON.

CHICAGO
PUBLISHED BY H.M. HIGGINS 117 RANDOLPH ST.

3

Entered according to Act of Congress A.D. 1865 by H.M. Higgins in the Clerk's Office of the Dist. Court of the Northern Dist. of Ill.

Anti-Lincoln Song—1861

80. Pictorial broadside song sheet with type ornament border, entitled "SONG OLD ABE LINCOLN!", five 8 line stanzas, beginning:

"My name it is Abe Lincoln,
I lead a wretched life,"

$7.50

SWEET #92

Lincoln

There have been more than a thousand books written about Lincoln, yet a close student of his life has asserted that it is still fragmentary. Herndon, in the second volume of his "Life of Lincoln," gives the following account of his connection with Mackay's poem, "Tell me, ye winged Winds": "He once told me of a song a young lady had sung in his hearing at a time when he was laboring under some dejection of spirits. The lines struck his fancy, and although he did not know the singer—having heard her from the sidewalk as he passed her house—he sent her a request to write the lines out for him.

Within a day or two he came into the office carrying in his hand a delicately perfumed envelope, which bore the address, 'Mr. Lincoln—Present,' in an unmistakable feminine hand. In it written on gilt-edged paper, were the lines of the song. The plaintive strain of the piece and its melancholy sentiment struck a responsive chord in a heart already filled with gloom and sorrow. Though ill-adapted to dissipate one's depression, something about it charmed Lincoln, and he read and reread it with increasing relish. I had forgotten the circumstance until recently, when, in going over some old papers and letters turned over to me by Mr. Lincoln, I ran across the manuscript, and the incident was brought vividly to my mind. The envelope, still retaining a faint reminder of the perfumed scent given it thirty years before, bore the laconic endorsement, 'Poem—I like this,' in the handwriting of Mr. Lincoln. Unfortunately no name accompanied the manuscript, and unless the lady on seeing this chooses to make herself known we shall probably not learn who the singer was."

In a footnote Herndon adds, "Charles Mackay, the author of the poem, represented a London newspaper in the United States during the Rebellion as its war correspondent. It was set to music as a chant, and as such was frequently rendered in public by the famous Hutchinson family of singers. I doubt if Mr. Lincoln ever knew who wrote it." This family of singers sang for the President in the days of the Civil War, and were sent to sing to the Army of the Potomac.

Lincoln and that truly knightly poem, "The Legacy," also has a little story. Of the curiously varied two hundred or more inhabitants of that famous and short-lived settlement of New Salem there was one unique and most distinguished literary character, named Jack Kelso. No matter how little attention has been paid by most writers about Lincoln and New Salem, this man's name is never omitted, though too often spoken of disrespectfully—such as "a poetic vagabond," "half-loafer," "wandering-good-for-nothing"—yet Lincoln and Kelso were fast friends and constant companions; and for the very good reason that it was through Kelso that Lincoln learned of Shakspeare and Burns. Kelso was a scholar, a poetic troubadour, knew the best literature and was fond of reciting everything he knew. Who could have attracted Lincoln more? He is the only literary friend Lincoln is known to have had. These two poetic souls fished together and loitered through the forest that bordered New Salem. It was through Kelso that Lincoln first learned about that knightliest of songs, "The Legacy," writes a younger sister of Lincoln's first love, Anne Rutledge. "Mr. Lincoln, we always so spoke of him, wanted me to sing this beautiful poem to him. Although he had no sense of harmony and could not sing he was intensely fond of a great variety of hymns and songs, and also learned by heart a great many. My sister used to sing for him 'Vain man, forbear,' an old and doleful hymn. Mr. Lincoln was not the constantly melancholy man so much described. He felt deeply, both joy and sorrow."

If Lincoln is known as a great story-teller it is also true that he lived and acted stories, some of which, as we might anticipate, were unequalled save by those told of sainted men. Gilbert Greene was a boy printer of Springfield in the early fifties, and a friend of Lincoln. One day Lincoln said to him, "Greene, I've got to ride out into the country tomorrow to draw a will for a woman who is believed to be on her deathbed. I may want you as a witness. If you haven't anything else to do I'd like to have you go along." . . . Arriving at the house, the woman was found to be near her end. With great gentleness Lincoln drew up the document disposing of the property as the woman desired, in the presence of neighbors and friends. After the signing and witnessing of the will the woman turned to Lincoln and said, with a smile: "Now I have my affairs for this world arranged satisfactorily, I am thankful to say that long before this I have made preparation for the other life I am so soon to enter. Many years ago I sought and found Christ as my Saviour. He has been my stay and comfort through [illegible] to carry me over the river of death. I do not fear death, Mr. Lincoln."

Instinctively the friends drew nearer the bedside. As the dying woman had addressed her words more directly to Lincoln than to the others, Lincoln, evincing sympathy in every look and gesture, bent toward her and said:

"Your faith in Christ is wise and strong; your hope of a future life is blessed. You are to be congratulated on passing through life so usefully, and into the life beyond so hopefully."

"Mr. Lincoln," said she, "won't you read a few verses out of the Bible for me?"

A member of the family offered him the family Bible. Instead of taking it, he began reciting from memory the twenty-third Psalm, laying emphasis upon "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." Still without referring to the Bible, Lincoln began with the first part of the fourteenth chapter of John: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also."

After he had given these and other quotations from the Scriptures he recited various familiar comforting hymns, closing with "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." Then, with a tenderness and pathos that enthralled everyone in the room, he spoke the last stanza—

> While I draw this fleeting breath,
> When mine eyes shall close in death,
> When I rise to worlds unknown,
> See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
> Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in Thee.

While Lincoln was reciting this last stanza, a look of peace and resignation lit up the countenance of the dying woman. In a few minutes more, while the lawyer and printer were there, she passed away. The journey back to Springfield was begun in silence. It was the younger man who finally said:

"Mr. Lincoln, ever since what has just happened back there in that farmhouse, I have been thinking that it is very extraordinary that you should so perfectly have acted as pastor as well as attorney."

When the answer to this suggestion finally was given—and it was not given at once—Lincoln said: "God, and Eternity, and Heaven were very near to me today."

This story was told by Greene after he became an old man to a young friend, who sent me a copy. T. H. B.

3560. I copy the following from "Synopses of Noted Books," edited by Charles Dudley Warner, published 1910:

"Elective Affinities," by Goethe, was published in 1809. The novel has four principal characters: Edward, a wealthy nobleman, and his wife, Charlotte; her niece, Ottilie; and a friend of Edward, known as the Captain. These four being together at Edward's country seat, Ottilie falls in love with Edward, Charlotte with the Captain. The wife, however, remains faithful to her husband; but Ottilie yields to her passion, expiating her sin only with her death.

The tragedy of the book seems designed to show that "elective affinities" may be fraught with danger and sorrow; that duty may have even a higher claim than the claim of the soul.

The novel is throughout of the highest interest in the delineation of character and of the effects of passion.

L. D. E.

Boston Transcript

CONFEDERATE BROADSIDES AND SONGS

(Dr. John E. Washington's Collection)

NAME	SIZE	TUNE	Author	Date	(L)
God Help Kentucky	8x6¾	-	-	-	(L)
The Southoins Are Coming	7x4¾	The Camels Are Coming	-	-	-
God Bless the South	4¾x6⅛	God Speed the Right	-	-	-
We Will Be Free in Maryland	(Yellow) 5x11⅝	Gideon's Band	Rob. E. Holly	Jan. 30, 1862	(L)
"Stonewall Jackson's Way"	(Blue) 3⅛x6¾	-	Reb. Sergt	Sep. 13, 1862	-
Do They Miss Me at Home	6x4	-	-	-	-
Yes We Miss Thee at Home	6⅛x4⅛	-	-	-	-
Hail! To the South	5⅛x7¾	-	-	-	-
Down Trodden Maryland (Printed in Gold - Privately Printed - 3rd Edition)	6½x9¾	-	N.C.R.	Mar. 4, 1862	(L)
The Rebels' Retort	6x10¾	Cocachelunk	&	-	(L)
God Be Our Trust	57/8x7¼	Heaven is Our Home	-	-	-
Hark! The Summons	3x4⅛	-	B	- Oct. 9, 1861	(L)
Southern Sentiments	3x5¼	The Invasion of Gaul	B	Oct. 6, 1861	-
Are We True (Red Print)	11x8⅜	-	J	Maryland 1861	-
Maryland, My Maryland	4⅛x6	-	-	-	-
Song, Our Rights	5⅜x11⅛	-	-	-	(L)
Baltimore	5 x6	-	-	-	
The Southern War Song	8x5	I'm Afloat	-	-	(L)
Beauregard (Printed in red & blue - Southern Flag)	6¼x8¾	-	-	-	(L)
The Baltimore Girls	4⅜x8	Dearest Mae	-	-	(L)
The Flag of Secession	4⅜x7¾	Star Spangled Banner	-	-	(L)
" " " "	"	" "	-	-	(L)
Old Abe Lincoln	12⅛x6	Poem on Lincoln (Very interesting)			(L)
The Boston British	8⅛x6 (red)	The Campbells are Coming			(L)
Abe's Lament	4⅛x6¾	" " " "			(L)
Lines in the death of Maj. Gen. E. Van Dorn C.S.A.	5x9(green)				(L)
Mayyland's Lament of Jackson	10x4(green)		Baltimova	June 1863	
Song of the Baltimore Rebels	4⅜x7¼	Wait for the Wagon			
The Guerillas (A Southern War Song	2¾x10(yellow)		Composed in the Yankee Bastile	Ft. Lafayette 1862	

(CONTD)

Gen. Dix Proclamation (Parody)	4½x5⅛	29 lines			(L)
The Southern Cross	5⅛x8¾	Star Spangled Banner			
The Maryland Martyrs (On writing Paper)	4x7½				(L)
My God! What is it all for	4⅛x7¾(yellow)	Rosseau's Dream			(L)
Listen to the Mocking Bird	5x7		Printed by Hanzsche & Co. Baltimore		
Our Marshall Kane	6x8½	Roseaas Dream			
Maryland (red and black)	8x10	My Normandy			(L)
Oh Jeff! Why don't you Come? (Writing Paper)	5⅛x9½	Willie, We Have Missed You			(L)
The President's Chair	4½x8¾	Star Spangled Banner			(L)
Song. Sunny South	5½x9¼				(L)
Chief Justice Taney	6x11¼	The Days' of Absence			
The Georgia Volunteers	3x7(red)		J. Green Savannah, Ga.)		
The Southern Wagon	6½x9⅜				
The Marylanders Good Bye	11x5⅜	The White Rose			(L)
The Battle of the Stove Pipes	7¼x8¾				
Good News from Dixie	6x12				
Camp Song of the Maryland Line	6x9½	Gay and Happy			
The Bold Engineer	8½x3¾(pink)	Young Lochinvar	O.H.S.	Oct. 14, 1861	(L)
Maryland in Letters	5x7½				(L)
Lines in the Death of Gen. A. S. Johnston	4⅜x10⅛			1862	(L)
'Da Vis!"	3½x9½		Quien Sabe	Feb. 10, 1862	
The Battle of Manassas	8½x12		Susan Archer Talley	Richmond Aug. 3, 1861	
Rally Around the Stars and Bars	5x9(pink)		Robert Lamb		
Battle Hymn of the Virginia Soldier	5x10(green)				
Song	4x9¾	Happy Land of Canaan			(L)
The Spirit of 1861	4½x9½				
The Battle Cry of the South	4¼x6¾		James B. Randall		
Country, Home & Liberty	5x9(garnet)				(L)
Lines to the Memory of Capt. Gorrell	4x8½(orange)		By a Friend of the Cause		
"The Bonnie Blue Flag"	5x9⅛	Southern Cheer			

Niggers In Convention	4x7½(orange)				
Summers Speech					
The Dying Confederate's Last Words	4¾x6¼				
The Very Latest From Butler	4x6½				
Southern Yankee Doodle (Illustrated with 3 colored pictures)	6x12	Yankee Doodle	Maryland		
Gen. Dix's Proclamation (Cartoon - double head)	6x8½				(L)
The Marylander at Manassas (A Fact)	14x3½		N.G.R.	Dec. 16, 1861	
An Appeal to the South (Ill)	4½x12¾		Daughter of the South	Jan. 24, 1862 Savannah, Ga. 1863	
Graves for the Invaders	3x7½	Very Bitter			
The Saucy Little Turtle	9¾x4¼	Coming through the Rye			
A Voice from the Old Maryland Line	8x15	Maryland, My Maryland			
The March of the Maryland Men	5x9¾				
The Brokers 'Stamp Act' Lament	5x9(orange)			July, 1862	
The Exodus - 4 page pamphlet	5x7½				
North Carolina. A Call to Arms!!	5¾x8½		Thompson & Co. printers	Raleigh, 1861	(L)
Kentuckians, To Arms!!	4¼x8			Louisville, Ky. 1861	
Rally Around the Standard Boys	4½x8				
Peace: Written by a fool	5x8(pink)				
Is There Nobody Hurt	5¼x87/8	Cocachelunk			(L)
Pamphlet - 4 pages					
Address to her Maryland Twenty by a Va. Girl and His Reply		Privately printed in red Illustrated	Cola	Balt. May 28 1861	(L)
There Life in the Old Land Yet	4x9¼		J.B.	Balt. Mar. 25, 1862	
The Virginia's Knocking Around	4x15		M.	Balt. Mar. 30, 1862	(L)
Louisiana: A Patriotic Ode	4x8½(yellow)				(L)
States Rights - Arkansas is Around	3x4½ (red orange)	Cartoon of Elephant Carrying Flag	Arkansas men with elephantina power will make the Yankees quake. Little Rock 1867		
Dedicated to the Baltimore Light Artillery C.S.A.	5x7¾(blue)		Capt. Alexander		
Epitaph: Attributed to Mr. Cox June 6, 1863 to the death of the 37th Congress	8½x4				

The Confederate Soldiers Wife	4⅛x8(lemon yellow)			
Song: The American Rebels	4¾x11			
Munson's Hall	5x8⅛			
Obituary to J. S. Thompson	4⅛x87/8	Respectfully	Aymes	(L)
The Serenade of the 300,000	5x77/8	Dedicated to Old Black		
Federal Ghosts (Special)	green	Abe		
The Confederate Red White & Blue	47/8x10⅛			(L)
			J. S. Prevatt to the Ga. Reg. Mrs. O. K. Whitaker of S. Car. May 14, 1861	
Maryland in Chains	3¾x9¼			
Southern Song of Liberty	4x7½			
There's Live in Old Maryland Yet	4x11⅝	Cola		(L)
The Southern Cross	3⅝x11		Baltimore Mar. 25, 1862	
There's Life in the Old Land Yet	4x10(orange)			
			Jas. R. Randell, Balto. Md. Author of Maryland, My Maryland.	
The Southern Man(Writing paper)	9½x3¾			
The Stars and Bars	4⅛x7½	Star Spangled Banner		
Downtrodden Maryland	5x8(blue)	Tim Browning		
			Baltimore	
Dix's Manifesto	37/8x71/8 (Orange)	Dearest Mae	Baltimore, Nov. 18, 1861 B	
An Appeal for Maryland	57/8x71/8		Balt. Sept. 11, 1861 B	
God Will Repay	47/8x9⅛	Privately printed	Balt. Jan. 20, 1862	
			Baltimore, 1862	
Listen to the Mocking Bird				
Arkansas Aroused			Little Rock 1861	